UNITED STATES HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL MUSEUM

ועידת התביעות
Claims Conference
Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany

Claims Conference Holocaust Survivor Memoir Collection

Access to the print and/or digital copies of memoirs in this collection is made possible by USHMM on behalf of, and with the support of, the Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany.

The United States Holocaust Memorial Museum respects the copyright and other intellectual property rights associated with the materials in its collection and makes good faith efforts to determine the copyright status of such materials. The Museum has a good faith belief that the materials in this collection may be made publicly available. The Museum welcomes additional information about copyright status. If you have additional information or concerns about the copyright ownership of materials in this collection, please contact the Museum's Library by phone at 202-479-9717 or by email at reference@ushmm.org.

Rosemarie

by

Rosemarie L. Joseph

ROSEMARIE

A Memoir

by

Rosemarie L. Joseph

Rosemarie.

A.

This memoir is dedicated to my dear family:
my son Claude and wife Nancy,
my son Andrew and wife Ginny,
my granddaughters Charlotte,
Hannah,
Gabriella,
and Kaitlyn . . .
and to the loving memory of my husband, Hans.

My thanks . . .

To my dear friend, Wanda Jackel, for her encouragement and support in the writing of this memoir . . .

. . . and

To my devoted editor, Isa Friedman, who corrected, changed, rearranged and brought this memoir to fulfillment.

Table of Contents

	Page
I. A Memoir	1
II. Childhood	2
III. Teen-ager	18
IV. War	34
V. America	42
VI. Marriage	49
VII. Children	61
VIII. Lake Carmel	69
IX. Retirement	80
X. Widowed	83
XI. A New Home, A New Life	88

List of Illustrations

Figure		Page
	Rosemarie	A
1	Hartwig and Else Deutschland, Rosemarie's parents	3
2	Birth certificate of Rosemarie Deutschland, later named Land by Nazi decree	4
3	Else Deutschland and Hilde, Rosemarie's mother and sister	5
4	Emma and Elias Deutschland, Rosemarie's paternal grandparents	7
5	Grandma Emma Deutschland, as Rosemarie remembers her	8
6	Adolf and Bertha Schmey, Rosemarie's maternal grandparents	9
7	Official German document which changed the family name from Deutschland to Land	10,11
8	Certificate of vaccination for Rosemarie	12
9	Rosemarie at age 12 with sister Hilde at about 22	14
10	Rosemarie at age 5	16
11	Hartwig Deutschland, Rosemarie's father, a German soldier in World War I	20
12	German State Certificate in Infant Care earned by Rosemarie	23
13	English translation of German State Certificate	24
14	Rosemarie caring for infant after completing her child-care training	25
15	Naomi Zahavi, Rosemarie's niece at age 2, and as an adult	29
16	German passport, showing change of last name from Deutschland to Land, and marked with "J" for Jew	31,32

Figure		Page
17	Rosemarie at work in the laboratory	48
18	Hans Joseph, Rosemarie's husband	51
19	Rosemarie and husband, Hans Joseph	52
20	Certificate of Marriage for Hans Joseph and Rosemarie Land	54
21	Parents of Rosemarie and Hans	55
22	Certificate of Registry of Medical Technologists issued to Rosemarie	57
23	Certificate of Membership in the American Society of Medical Technologists	58
24	Certificate of American Society of Clinical Pathologists in recognition of 50 years of certification	59
25	Hans Joseph and little Claude	63
26	Claude and Andy Joseph	64
27	Grandma Charlotte Joseph with Claude and Andy	73
28	Rosemarie with son Claude and granddaughter Hannah	76
29	Claude Joseph with daughters Charlotte and Hannah	77
30	Gabriella Joseph, Claude's youngest child	78
31	Andy Joseph and daughter, Kaitlyn	79
32	Notice of Art Exhibit by "Grandma Joseph"	89
33	Rosemarie with friend Ilse at age 13	93
34	Steven Spielberg's letter to Rosemarie regarding her testimony for the Shoah Foundation	96

I. A MEMOIR

Why do I want to write a memoir about the highlights of my life? There are two reasons. The first one is that my family, my grandchildren and even my children, know very little of my past, even though they feel that they know me and my history well.

The second reason, and the more compelling one, is that what happened in history — the years of Hitler and his vicious henchmen, the destruction and the atrocities — should not be forgotten. Survivors are dying out. After all, those terrible years occurred more than sixty years ago. Soon there will not be anybody left to point a finger and to say, "Watch out! It can happen any place. It can happen here too."

We have children and grandchildren and we would not want any of them to go through what my generation experienced in Germany or in Europe.

There are already many voices here, claiming that the Holocaust was a hoax, that it never happened. So my parting words to future generations are: Be alert, and do not take your well-being for granted.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."
Wendell Phillips (1852)

II. CHILDHOOD

I was born in Berlin - Steglitz, Germany, to Hartwig and Else Deutschland. (Figures 1 and 2.) During her pregnancy my mother read a novel whose heroine was called Rosemarie. She decided that the child, if it would be a girl, would be called Rosemarie. Nobody believed me that with a name of Rosemarie I could be Jewish.

At the time of my birth, my mother was 41 years old and my father was 47. Age-wise they were old parents, but physically and in temperament they were young, and they played with me and read to me often. I had a sister, Hilde, who was eleven years older than myself. (Figure 3.)We also had a brother, who at the age of two died of pneumonia. He would have been seven years older than myself.

Both my parents came from large families. My mother was the eighth and last child in the family. All the children in that family lived to adulthood, which was unusual at that time and place.

I was told that when my mother's two oldest brothers, who studied medicine at a university, came home and the family sat down for dinner, the oldest son exclaimed, "What is the neighbor's child doing here, crawling around, while we are eating?" His mother told him, "That child is your young sister, Else."

On my father's side, there were seven children; he was the fifth in age, with one younger brother and sister. We were a big family, but because of the large age difference in my mother's

Figure 1. Hartwig and Else Deutschland, Rosemarie's parents.

Standesamt Berlin-Steglitz.

Register Nr. 498/19. Gültig nur zum Zwecke der Taufe.

Bescheinigung über Eintragung eines Geburtsfalles.

Vor- und Zuname: Rosemarie Deutschland

Geburtstag, Ort und Wohnung: 4. 9. 19. 9½ a. Berlin-Steglitz, Hauptstr. Südende Nr. 6.

Vor- und Zuname sowie Stand des Vaters: Landwirt Hermann Deutschland, ev. Religion.

Vor- und Zuname der Mutter: Elisabeth Schmey, ev. Religion.

Berlin-Steglitz, den 8 ten September 1919.

(Siegel)

Der Standesbeamte.

Anmerkung: Das Reichsgesetz über die Beurkundung des Personenstandes und die Eheschließung vom 6. Februar 1875 bestimmt in § 82:
„Die kirchlichen Verpflichtungen in Beziehung auf Taufe und Trauung werden durch dieses Gesetz nicht berührt."

2000. 12. 17

Figure 2. Birth certificate of Rosemarie Deutschland, later named Land by Nazi decree.

Figure. 3 Else Deutschland and Hilde, Rosemarie's mother and sister.

family and the fact that she was 41 when I was born, all my first cousins, except one, were my mother's age.

I knew only one of my grandparents. (Figures 4, 5 and 6.) The mother of my father, grandmother Emma, born Gortatofsky, died when I was about 4½ years old, yet I remember her clearly. She would be brought to our home, a very frail, old lady and since I was an active child, I was constantly reminded to be extremely careful with her, not to bump into her or push her accidentally. She lived with her youngest daughter, Trude, and towards her end, shortly before she passed away, the entire family, including her 15 grandchildren, came to my aunt's house to say good-bye to grandmother. She was already very confused and kept talking illogically. Even at age four I knew that she could not be waiting for a bridegroom to come. Grandmother was revered by all her children, particularly by my father.

My father was born in Danzig, Germany, a fact that later saved my parents' lives. My mother's family settled in Beuthen, Oberschlesien, near the Polish border.

How did we Jews get the last name, Deutschland, which means Germany? The story is, that around the year 1700 a group of Jews left Spain. When they arrived at other European countries, they separated into two groups. One group went to Holland.

The other group settled in Germany and remained practicing Jews. They adopted the name of Deutschland in honor of their new homeland. So, for generations that was our family name, until the year 1936 when Hitler decided that Jews could not hold the name of Deutschland, and our family name was changed to Land. (Figures 7 and 8.) This was just one of many indignities heaped upon us, to rob us of our identity and heritage.

Our family life was relaxed and easygoing. We lived in a large, comfortable middle-class

Figure 4. Emma and Elias Deutschland, Rosemarie's paternal grandparents.

Figure 5. Grandma Emma Deutschland, as Rosemarie remembers her.

Figure 6. Adolf and Bertha Schmey, Rosemarie's maternal grandparents.

Hartwich D e u t s c h l a n d

in Berlin,

geboren am 19. Juli 1874 in Danzig,

führt an Stelle des bisherigen Familiennamens den Familiennamen

L a n d .

Diese Änderung des Familiennamens erstreckt sich auf die Ehefrau und sein minderjähriges Kind, das unter seiner elterlichen Gewalt steht und seinen bisherigen Namen trägt.

Berlin, den 27. Dezember 1938

Der Reichsminister des Innern

Im Auftrag

Id. D. 84
5515

Figure 7 (Sheet 1 of 2). Official German document which changed the family name from Deutschland to Land.

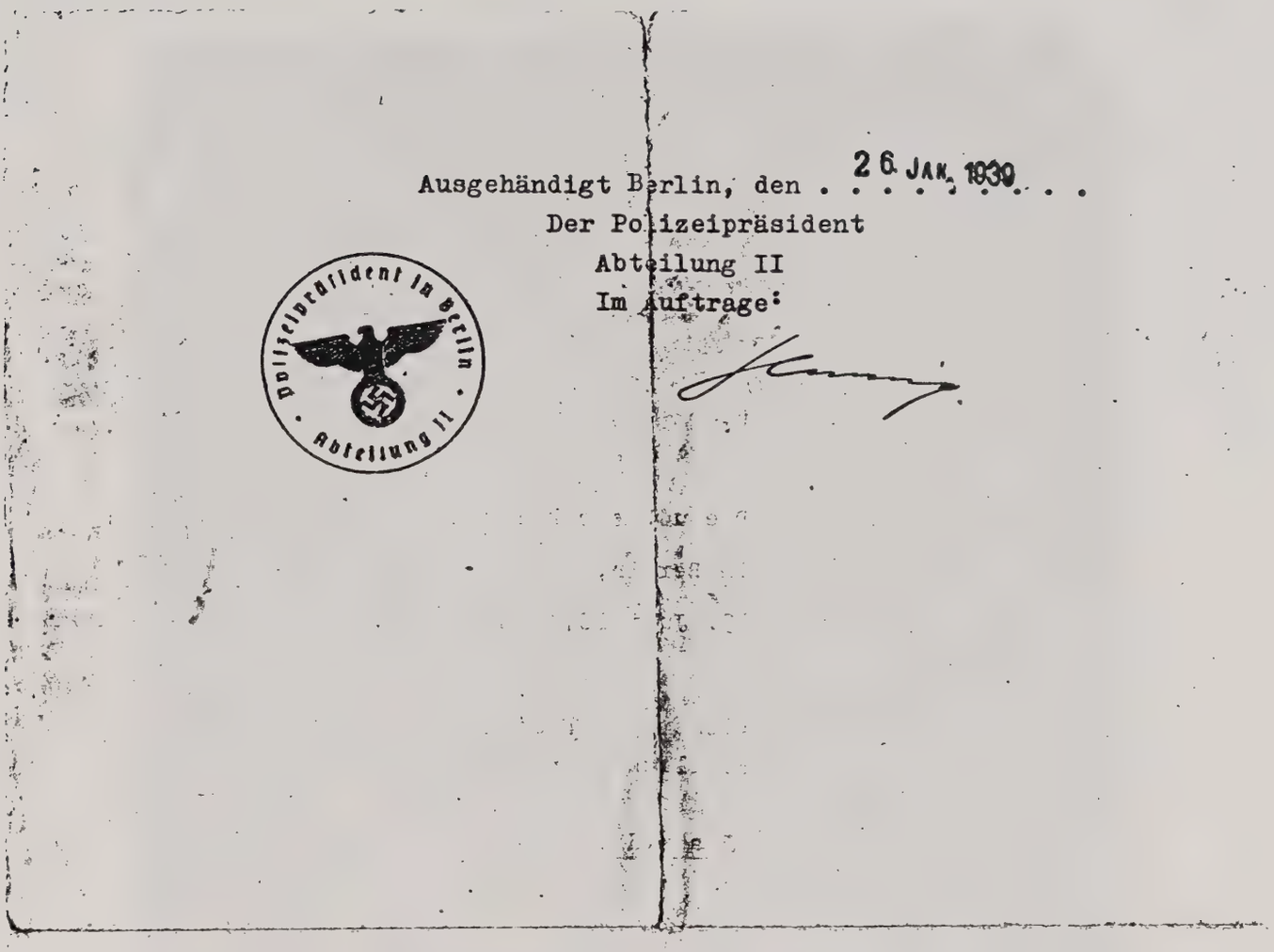


Figure 7 (Sheet 2 of 2). Reverse side of German document.

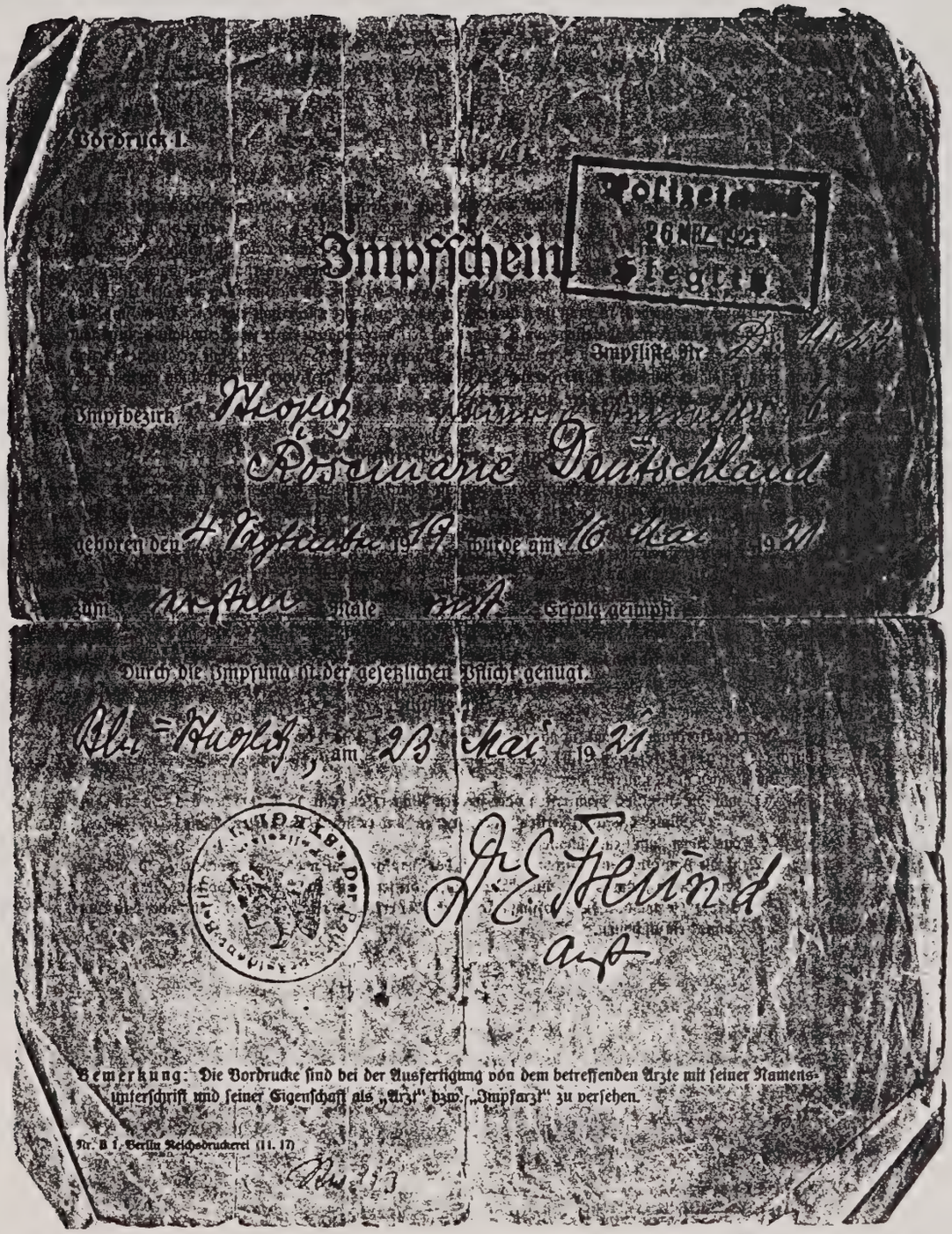

Vordruck I.
Impfschein
Impfbezirk
Impfliste Nr.
Rosemarie Deutschland
geboren den
wurde am
zum
Erfolg geimpft
Durch die Impfung ist der gesetzlichen Pflicht genügt.
am
Bemerkung: Die Vordrucke sind bei der Ausfertigung von dem betreffenden Arzte mit seiner Namensunterschrift und seiner Eigenschaft als „Arzt" bzw. „Impfarzt" zu versehen.
Nr. B 1. Berlin Reichsdruckerei (11. 17)

Figure 8. Certificate of vaccination for Rosemarie.

apartment across the street from a big park. The fact that we had a full-time sleep-in maid did not mean much, because many families had that.

My father was a businessman, dealing in women's woolen sweaters and dresses. We were always well-dressed. He traveled to Italy and Switzerland on business but when he was at home, it was a holiday. There was a great deal of music in our home. My mother played piano quite well; my sister played violin. Together they played sonatas. My father had a beautiful voice. His favorite songs were from Schubert's "Die Winterreise". I was exposed to music at an early age. Sometimes I feel, if the first years of my life had not been so supportive, I may not have withstood the tragedies that came later on.

Since I was a child of about four, I remember being different from my friends and the neighborhood children. It was drilled into me that I was Jewish. Living in a Protestant country, with no separation of church and state and no other Jewish families nearby, I had only non-Jewish friends. My mother, although not religious in a traditional sense, believed very strongly in God. He was everywhere and could see everything, right or wrong. So you had better do the right thing. My parents did attend synagogue on High Holidays and fasted on Yom Kippur. Every Jew was required to belong to the Jewish Community and pay taxes to it.

A highlight of my childhood was when my sister, who was so much older, consented to play with me, either with games or dolls, or just reading to me. It did not happen often, because of the age difference, but when it did happen, it was something that I always treasured and never will forget. (Figure 9.)

I remember a Passover, when I was about four or five years old. My father always conducted the seder and the entire family was present. The table looked beautiful, splendid

Figure 9. Rosemarie at age 12 with sister Hilde at about 22.

tablecloth and Passover china and silver, very festive indeed. I had to take a nap in the afternoon, so that I could partake of the festivities without being unduly tired. We were just beginning the ceremony, my father was chanting, when I spilled my entire glass of red wine on the beautiful white tablecloth which turned crimson. I let out a wail and fled from the table, then hid under my bed. I was sure God would punish or destroy me. I was terrified, and nobody could get me out from under the bed. I was so afraid of God, who could see everything, that I stayed in hiding. No entreaties would get me out. My mother finally changed the tablecloth with a new one, which meant removing everything and resetting the table. Then I was told to come out, because there was no longer a trace of the spilled wine and the service continued.

I was a much beloved and treasured child, and I was told repeatedly that a child is the greatest gift parents can have. (Figure 10.) That also put quite a burden on me, because I had to live up to it.

When I was six years old, I went to public school for four years. It was there that I encountered anti-Semitism for the first time. My teacher for four years did not like Jews. I was a good student, learning was easy, but she did not miss an opportunity to lower my grades. At school plays, I was never picked as an actor, even though I knew the play by heart. My mother was furious, but she could only complain.

Since my parents were members of the Odd Fellows Lodge, each summer I attended the Lodge camp in the mountains. I loved that camp and attended from age 8 until I was almost 14 years old.

When I was 10 years old, Friedel, the waterfront supervisor, asked for volunteers to take a rather advanced swimming test. The emphasis of this swimming test was endurance, not speed.

Figure 10. Rosemarie at age 5.

You were required to jump into the pool from a very high diving board and then to swim for one hour, any free style, without touching the sides of the pool. If you touched or held on at the sides for even one second, you were disqualified. We were five volunteers, 3 boys and 2 girls, and I was the youngest one in that group. I knew that this was my only chance to get this State Certificate. I also knew that my overprotective mother would never have permitted me to take such a strenuous test. I was a good swimmer. I passed the test and received my State Certificate stating that I was a "Fahrtenschwimmer". I was so very proud and happy.

When I came home from camp and my mother saw that certificate, I thought she would faint or have a heart attack. I was really scared. She packed me into bed, even though I was feeling very well, and made an appointment for the very next day for me with a cardiologist, to check out my heart. I assured her that I was fine, but she would not rest until the doctor told her that I was in perfect health. When I look back I realize that my mother was so overly protective because she had already lost a young child to pneumonia.

III. TEEN-AGER

At age ten, I went to a school of higher learning, the Goethe Oberlyceum, a high school in Lichterfelde, another suburb of Berlin. It was a private school and you were admitted only by test. The first three years at that school were very pleasant. I was a good student, popular with many friends and was elected speaker of the class for three years.

Let me tell you about religious education. Germany was a Protestant country, with no separation of church and state. The church was the state. The law said that every child from age six to fourteen must attend classes in religious instruction, no matter what his or her religion. The school report card had a grade listed for religion, the same as for mathematics or literature. For three afternoon hours, every week, Jewish children came from surrounding localities to sit through the classes, learning Hebrew and Biblical history.

Hitler came to power in 1933. Not much changed at the beginning. But as time went on, I began to feel my parents' fear. When the "Brown Shirts" marched along the street under our windows, clicking the metal of their boots, my mother turned pale. I said to her, "Surely Daddy can protect us against those people." My mother looked at me and said, "Your father cannot protect us against this evil." At that point my childhood came to an end. If my father could not protect us, nobody could.

My parents belonged to the Odd Fellows Lodge, a branch of the Masons. My mother was

elected chairperson of the Education Division for women. She had to give a lecture and she picked the topic, "Vitamins", which were not well understood at that time. She was extremely nervous about talking in front of so many people. She prepared herself well and got my sister to listen to her speech over and over again as she recited the entire script. The result was that, not only my sister, but even I, at age eight, was able to repeat the lecture, word for word. Finally, my mother's speech was a huge success.

My sister attended Berlin University and was well informed on current issues and politics. The students recognized very early the danger of a Hitler regime. Discussions at our dinner table, between my father and my sister, were heated. My father was conservative. He had fought four years in World War I for his Kaiser, earning an Iron Cross decoration. (Figure 11.) With that he felt that nobody would touch him or his family. He kept that belief until it was almost too late.

Pressure was put on the population to disassociate themselves from Jews. I saw a group of my best friends on the other side of the street. I waved to them and shouted, "Hi there!" No response. I shouted louder, "It's me, Rosemarie." They looked embarrassed, but did not respond. I felt utterly dejected; these were my best friends! I was so disturbed, I could not talk about it. My mother finally sat me down to talk. I asked her, "What is wrong with me? Am I dirty? Do I smell?" "Nothing is wrong with you. We are Jews, and from now on you will have to expect this," was her answer.

At that time, we had to vacate our beautiful apartment. The landlord came and said, "You will have to move." "Why?" my father asked. "We have paid the rent." "Some Nazi wants your place," the landlord replied. We moved to a much smaller, not very nice place, but we had to live somewhere.

Figure 11. Hartwig Deutschland, Rosemarie's father, a German soldier in World War I.

A law was passed that Jews could no longer employ non-Jewish maids. Tearfully, our maid of many years had to leave us. Suddenly we were without a maid.

Jews were put on food rations. If you had a coupon, you could get food. Our grocer told my mother, "Don't question me about a food price. When you go home, you will find out." The grocer was a decent man. When there were no other customers in the store, he would put butter, eggs and other things not alloted to Jews, into the shopping bag for my mother.

Since I had lost all my old friends, I looked for Jewish children of my age. I joined a Zionist Youth Organization called, "Werkleute", which means builder for Palestine (Israel). At 15½ I was forced to leave school, which I had attended for six years. Jewish children were no longer allowed in public or private schools. We were required to attend Jewish schools. Since we lived in a suburb of Berlin, I would have had to travel to school by trolley two hours each way, an impossible situation.

However, I was enrolled in a "Jűdisches Sauglingsheim", a Jewish home for newborn infants up to 1½ years of age. The course and practical work lasted one year and ended with an examination and a German State Diploma in Infant Care. All students had to live at the home. The separation from my parents and my home life was terrible for me. I could not understand why my parents would put me through this ordeal. But they realized that I had to get some kind of training.

The work at the Infants Home was extremely hard. We were on duty from 6 a.m. until 7 p.m. with only ½ hour for lunch. Every four weeks, we got one day off. Even if we felt ill, had a headache or cramps, we had to work. Literally you had to be dying to be excused from work.

The Home was run by a Jewish doctor, Dr. Ludwig Mendelsohn and his two sons, also

physicians, who gave lectures, attended to the examinations and supervised the Registered Nurses, who also taught us. Everybody at the Home was Jewish. We were only six students in training, and we were forever tired. The training was rough, but excellent. It would serve me very well in the future. (Figures 12 and 13.) After I returned home from training, I found a job caring for an infant, a position that I kept until I left Germany. (Figure 14.)

Living under the Hitler regime had become much more difficult. If Jews in the street met the Brown Shirts (SA) or the elite Stormtroopers in black uniforms (SS), Jews had to get off the sidewalk and step into the street. Particularly vulnerable were religious Jewish men. Often their beards were cut off right there in the street.

But nothing had prepared us for Kristall Nacht, the Night of the Shattered Glass, on November 9, 1938. On that night of horror, 200 synagogues, 7,500 businesses and countless homes were destroyed in 24 hours of anti-Semitic violence. The Holocaust had arrived! It is impossible to describe the terror, despair and confusion of those days.

What had led to Kristall Nacht? In Paris, a young Polish refugee shot and killed Ernst vom Rath, a German officer. I was elated that finally somebody had the guts to pay back the Nazis, but little did I know what the consequences would be.

On that November 9th, a friend and I went to a movie in the city. When we came out, about 8 p.m., the streets of Berlin were deserted. There was an eerie silence in the normally busy metropolis. Then we saw the screaming headlines in the newspaper, "Jude verrecke. Juden blut soll fliesen," which means, "Jew die. Jewish blood shall flow." We each hurried to our home as fast as possible.

My parents were waiting for me with packed valises. We had to leave at once. My parents

Fürsorgeverein für hilflose jüdsche Kinder.

Jüdisches Säuglingsheim.

Berlin-Niederschönhausen, Moltkestr. 8-9.

Staatlich anerkannte Ausbildungsstätte fachlicher Berufsschulung der Wohlfahrtspflegerinnen für das Hauptfach „Gesundheitsfürsorge".

Schülerinnen-Zeugnis.

Rosemarie D e u t s c h l a n d

war in der Zeit vom 1.1o.1936 bis 1.1o.1937 im jüdischen Säuglingsheim, Niederschönhausen bei Berlin, als Schülerin tätig.

Sie hat an einem theoretischen und praktischen Lehrgang über die Pflege des gesunden und kranken Säuglings und Kleinkindes teilgenommen.

Bei der Abschlußprüfung erhielt sie das Prädikat

----------gut.----------

Bei der Pflege der ihr anvertrauten Kinder erwies sie sich als

----------fleissig und gewandt.----------

Berlin-Niederschönhausen, den 3o.September 1937.

Elsa Stein.
Oberin

Leitender Arzt

Figure 12. German State Certificate in Infant Care earned by Rosemarie.

TRANSLATION.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE CARE OF NEEDY JEWISH CHILDREN

(Fuersorgeverein fuer Hilflose Juedische Kinder.)

JEWISH INFANTS' HOME.

8-9 Moltkestr.
Berlin-Niederschoenhausen.

Officially licenses Vocational School for the Training of Social Workers in the Major Subject: HEALTH CARE.

STUDENT CERTIFICATE

Rosemarie D e u t s c h l a n d ,

was a student of the Jewish Infants' Home at Niederschoenhausen nr. Berlin, from October 1, 1936 through October 1, 1937.

She attended a theoretical and practical course in the care of healthy and ailing infants and small children.

In the final examination she received the rating

g o o d .

She proved herself to be an industrious and skilful nurse of the children entrusted to her care.

Berlin-Niederschoenhausen, September 30, 1937.

sgd. Elsa Stein
Mother Superior

Signature (illegible)
Directing Physician.

Figure 13. English translation of German State Certificate.

Figure 14. Rosemarie caring for infant after completing her child-care training.

knew this from a Christian neighbor, whose son was in the SA. She told my mother, "I cannot talk to you, but if you find a piece of paper with an X under your door, you have to go into hiding. Arrests are being made." She knew this from her SA son, and she probably saved our lives.

Travel in those days was difficult at night. We took a bus to the last stop and then walked, hiding in alleys, avoiding people. We did not want to be seen by anyone. At midnight we arrived at a distant cousin's house. She lived far out in a suburb of Berlin in a private house, a villa, and she was not Jewish. My mother had called her earlier and she had simply said, "Come." The problem was her 10-year-old daughter. If this child would tell her classmates that we occupied the basement, we would be lost. We decided to keep our staying there a secret, and the child would then never give us away.

We were locked in the basement for several days. We could not turn on any light or make any noise at all. Nobody was supposed to know that we were there. We heard gardeners and other men working around the house and garden. Our cousin brought us food whenever possible and we were grateful for it. My father was like a caged animal. At times I thought he would lose his mind. "This is what you get for serving your Kaiser so well," he seemed to say.

After a few days I was sent to our apartment for any news of my sister, Hilde, and her family. She was married and had a 1½ year old, my niece Naomi. They lived in a different town. By indirect communication we learned that they were safe. During Kristall Nacht, her husband, who looked Jewish, hid in a forest for a whole week. My sister's house was set on fire by the Nazis. To escape the flames, she tied her little child onto her back with a belt and crawled over the rooftop of the burning house to another roof. For that week of terror my sister did not even know if her husband was alive.

The Hitler period had a deep psychological impact on us. After Kristall Nacht, no more than three people were allowed to gather together, neither indoors or outdoors. This law did not apply to family members. Since I belonged to a small elite Zionist group, Verkleute, that meant that we could no longer hold meetings or get together to talk. If more than three people got together, they could be arrested or shot. We soon learned to get around that edict by writing in code on pieces of paper, to pass information from friend to friend. All our telephones were bugged. A repairman came to our home saying that something was wrong with our phones. It did not help to tell him that our phones worked well. He came in anyway and installed tiny microphones into the outlets. Never would we start a conversation or talk at home without first covering the phones and outlets with blankets, and even then we would only whisper. The walls had ears. It was a crime to listen to short-wave radio for news abroad, to discuss who was thrown into concentration camp, or who had managed to get across the border. For any of these things you could be shot.

This was also the time when Jewish passports were stamped with a red "J", and the name Sara or Israel was added to your name. I still have that "J"-stamped passport.

Until Kristall Nacht we felt that this madness, this Hitler madness, was a temporary affair and that it would pass. But after that night we knew that we had to get out of Germany as fast as possible. What we did not know was that this was nearly impossible.

Few countries wanted us. So we tried to save at least the children. My two-year-old niece, Naomi, went with a children's transport to England, alone. She was the youngest in that group. Whoever has a two-year-old child in their family will appreciate what this separation meant for all of us, parents, grandparents and myself. It was heartbreaking to put that little one, crying, into the

arms of strangers. But we were happy that at least she would be saved. (Figure 15.)

My parents had tried to get affidavits to go to the United States. We had no luck. We felt trapped, and our nerves were shot. Back at our home, one day, at 5 a.m. in the morning, the doorbell rang. Only storm troopers would ring at that time, to make arrests. My parents, who were in bed, trembled. My father put the blanket over his head and said, "Don't open the door! Don't open the door!" He was petrified with fear of an arrest. The doorbell kept ringing and ringing. Finally my mother said to me, "Go open the door." I did, and there was a mailman with the affidavits from America. I showed it to my parents; they broke down and cried. Our nerves were frayed. But the affidavit number was so high, it would be years before we could leave the country, since only a limited number of people were admitted to the United States in one year.

My mother now tried to save me. Since I was over 16 years old, I was too old for the children's transport. But my mother found out that the Bloomsbury House in London, a form of HIAS (Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society), sponsored older children to come to England. The requirement was to send a passport picture of yourself and to write a brief essay about yourself, stating why you wanted to come to England.

I gave careful thought to what I would write about myself. I stated in the letter the fact that my affidavit number for America was so high, that the chance of ever getting out of Germany on that quota was almost zero. I wanted to spend my waiting time in England and when my affidavit number came up, I would leave and go to America. I did not beg or whine about the terrible circumstances I was in. I gave a brief history of myself, my background, my school, my training, my family life and special interests that I had.

My mother promptly said that my writing was much too casual, almost impolite, and I

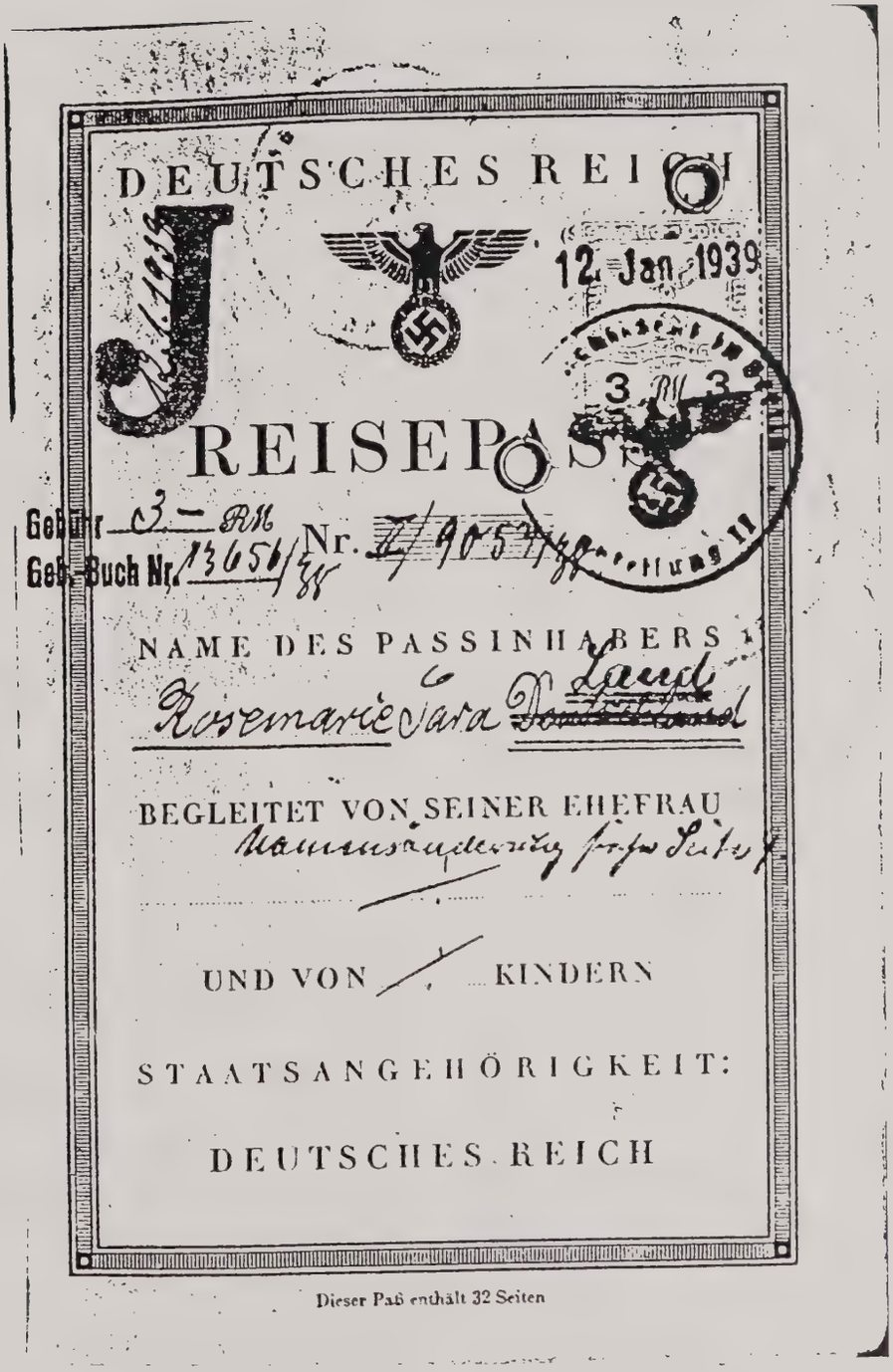
Figure 15. Naomi Zahavi, Rosemarie's niece at age 2, and as an adult.

should beg them to let me come to England. I felt that I had written a good, logical letter, and I told my mother, "If I have to rewrite that letter, I will not send it at all." So the letter was sent the way I had written it.

Exactly one week later, I received a guaranty (like an affidavit) from the niece of the Duke of Northumberland, a lady who did volunteer work at the Bloomsbury House. Later, when I arrived in London, I asked her, the lady who gave me the guaranty, why she had picked me. This is what she said: "I read hundreds of applications at the Bloomsbury House. I had made up my mind to sponsor one Jewish girl and one Jewish boy from Germany, and one boy from Austria, as a guarantee that the Jewish people would not die out. I read your letter, read many others, then turned back to yours and decided that you were the girl." The boy arrived from Austria one day later than I.

Now that I had the emigration papers, I had to get out of Germany. The law at that time stated that Jews could take out of Germany only two small suitcases with personal clothing, no money, jewelry or valuables. I had to buy a stainless steel watch, that I was permitted to take along. On May 19, 1939, I left Berlin at midnight, from Bahnhof Zoo. On the same day and from the same place at 12 noon, my sister and her husband, Heinz, left for Luxemburg, where Heinz had relatives. None of us knew if we would ever see each other again. My parents never saw their daughter, Hilde, or grandchild again, but they were happy and relieved that we would get out of Germany. (Figure 16.)

My train trip was a nightmare. There will always be some foolish people around. We all knew that no money or valuables were to be taken out of the country. Some people tried to hide something in the train compartment; the Nazis found out about it and the result was that the entire


DEUTSCHES REICH

J

12 Jan 1939

REISEPASS

Gebühr 3.– RM Nr. L/9053/38

Geb.-Buch Nr. 13651/88

NAME DES PASSINHABERS

Rosemarie Sara Land ~~Deutschland~~

BEGLEITET VON SEINER EHEFRAU

UND VON / KINDERN

STAATSANGEHÖRIGKEIT:

DEUTSCHES REICH

Dieser Paß enthält 32 Seiten

Figure 16 (Sheet 1 of 2). German passport, showing change of last name from Deutschland to Land, and marked with "J" for Jew.

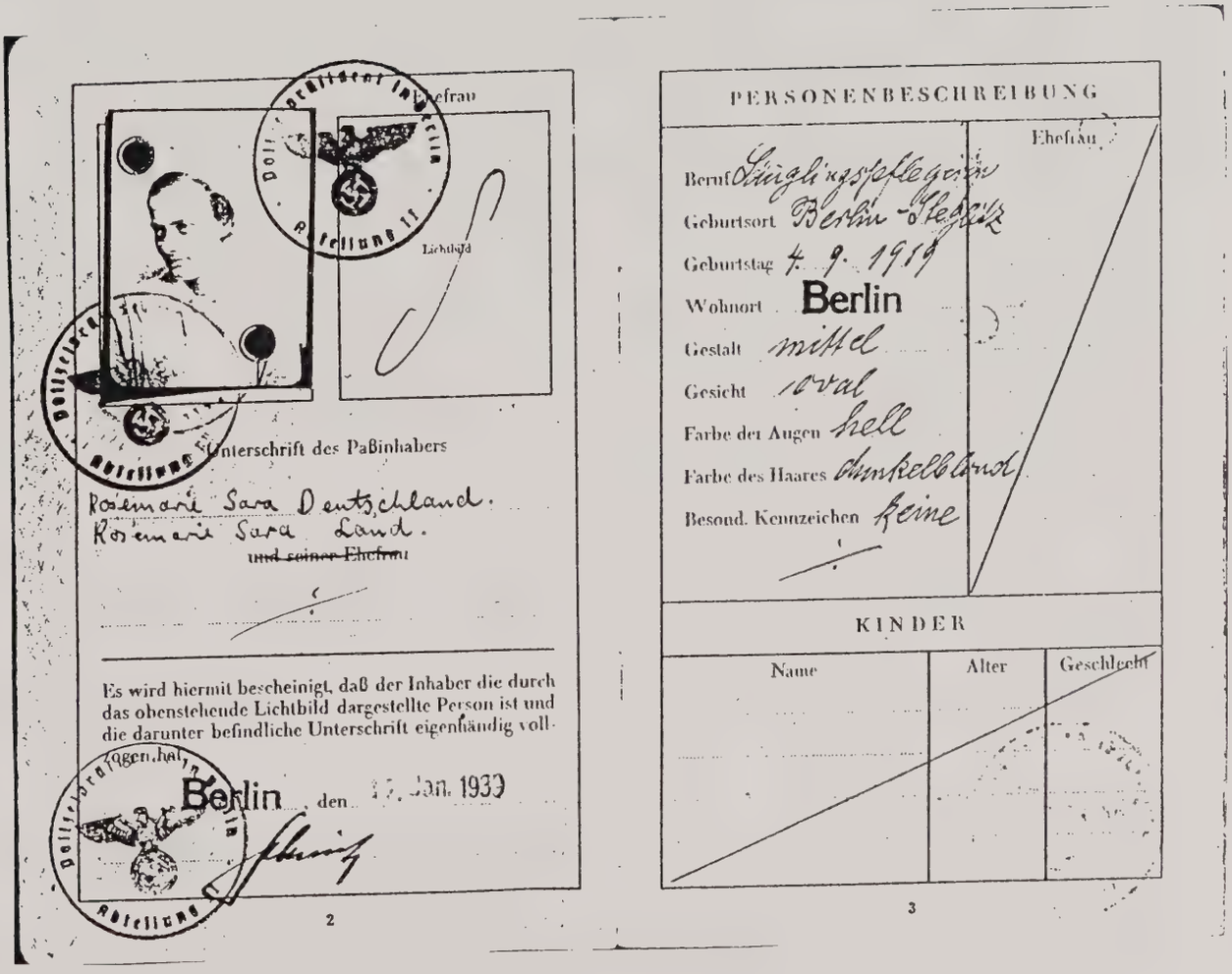


Figure 16 (Sheet 2 of 2). German passport.

train was confiscated just before the Belgian border. Everybody had to get out. Women were put into one house, and men into another. We were stripped naked and every opening of our body was examined, and not very gently either, for hidden valuables. It took hours and it was freezing cold. By now, I had missed all my connections to Brussels, to Dover and to London. People who had hidden money in the train were sent to a concentration camp. The rest of us were allowed to continue our journey, one day late, across the border.

I shall never forget the sense of freedom upon entering Belgium. The rest of the trip to London was uneventful. Since I got there two days late, nobody was at the London train station to greet me. But eventually everything was straightened out. My sponsor, Christa, a 29-year-old young woman, was Scotch. She was independently wealthy. Her family owned several castles in Scotland. Christa was the oldest child, with three younger brothers. She was artistic, and she also had a strong mind of her own. One day, she got fed up with dressing every night for dinner and decided to volunteer at the Bloomsbury House in London to help refugees. In her social circles, that was quite a daring thing to do, and her family considered her the "black sheep." In any case, at Bloomsbury House she found my letter, and I came to stay with her at a brownstone house apartment in Hempstead Heath. It was very pleasant, but I wanted to work. I did not want to accept charity.

To get a working permit was very difficult. Some of Christa's friends, who had young families, got together and bought a run-down deserted castle, "Assington Hall," near Colchester. They wanted to own some cows to have milk for their children, in case of war. Some of her friends were barristers and they saw the handwriting on the wall. I got a job there, taking care of two three-year olds, Karin and Timmy, children from two different families.

IV. WAR

Three months later, Hitler invaded Poland and World War II had started. Colchester was near a garrison. We were bombed almost every night and slept only in the air raid shelter with all the families. The next morning we took the children in the prams to see how close the bombs had fallen. Luckily, no one was hurt.

When war began, I immediately became an enemy alien. It did not matter that I was stateless, or that I was a Jewish refugee. I was still an enemy alien. As such, a five-mile limit was set as to how far you could ride your bicycle from your home. If you lived in London, a five-mile circle was quite far; in Assington Hall, five miles meant nothing. The nearest village was more than five miles away; there was literally no place for me to go during my time off. After a while, I could not take the restrictions any more. I was a city girl, and I asked Christa to let me come back to London, which she did. With the war in full swing, the employment situation had changed. British girls left their household jobs to work in war factories; they earned much more money there. So household jobs as maids or servants became vacant for the refugees. I landed a job in Golders Green, as an all-around maid, working almost twelve hours a day. I did not mind it. I was young and strong and I wanted to save my money in case my parents would be able to leave Germany.

London was full of Jewish refugees; almost every nationality was there. Soon, an organization representing the different nationalities was formed, and it was decided to give a show and a concert in Sadlers Wells Theatre, with prominent soloist Dame Sybil Thorndyke and Erika Morini participating. I had a part in the chorus, dancing and singing. I loved being on stage. Of course I had to rehearse, but I could only do this during non-working hours. One day, as I was scrubbing the kitchen floor, dancing and singing at the same time, my madam entered the kitchen, stood motionless and exclaimed, "What in heaven are you doing there?" I told her politely that I had a rehearsal that night at the theatre. "I am scrubbing the kitchen floor and I have to practice for tonight." She shook her head, not comprehending, and went out.

Life in London became more difficult. Food became scarce, particularly fresh fruit and vegetables. England, as an island, was blockaded by the Germans. Rations were given out, but there was no actual hunger.

This was the time when I started to smoke cigarettes. I never inhaled and was a light smoker. If I had a choice between chocolate and cigarettes, I would always pick chocolate. This had the advantage that I could trade my ration of cigarettes with heavy smokers, and got chocolate in return.

England, and London in particular, was, of course, in complete blackout. It was strictly enforced and heavy fines were handed out for non-compliance. The London fog was famous, and during the blackout, it was particularly treacherous. I remember an evening when I wanted to mail a letter. The letterbox was only two houses away, and on the same side of the street. Christa warned me, citing the heavy fog. Since I was inexperienced with the weather, I felt that those few steps would not hurt me. Well, those few steps took me over two hours to reach home again. I

found the mailbox, but it was impossible to distinguish one brownstone house from the other. I crawled up and down the steps of each house, trying the house key to see if I was at the right house. In the process I dropped the key to the ground. By the time I finally located the key and our house, I was nearly hysterical. It certainly taught me a lesson, to respect the weather and the London fog.

My sister, Hilde, and her husband had arrived in London on their trip to Palestine and to pick up their daughter, Naomi, who was by now three years old and was living with a wonderful family. Hilde lived in the East of London, where rents were cheap. They had very little money, but we wanted to see each other. We decided on a weekend visit, but bus rides were expensive. To save on the cost of the fare, I would go to see them either Saturday or Sunday, and every second week they would pay my fare. Since they would have to pay two fares to come to me, this was a good arrangement. I was very happy to see my sister a few times. After she left London, I never saw her again. She died in Palestine at the age of 36 of complications at childbirth.

Rehearsals at the theatre in the city continued. I had to take the elevated train back to Hempstead Heath at night. Trains stopped running at midnight. It was frightening to stand on a pitch-black elevated station, waiting for the train to come. I had to carefully count the stops to know when my stop arrived, and to count the steps down to the street. When I had company to bring me home, it was always welcome. For many years, and even now, if I am on a train and it stops and the lights go out, I have that very unpleasant feeling of being lost.

Once war had started, all communications with my parents had to stop. But I heard from my cousin, Gerda, in America, that my parents had left Germany in February, 1940. A miracle had happened when Hitler invaded Poland, at the beginning of the war. He declared Danzig a Free

State. My father was born in Danzig and he received a Danzig quota number 7 for travel to America. He was told that my parents could leave Germany whenever they wanted. They left the following day, the way they were, happy to get out alive. They traveled for three weeks on the last Swedish boat to leave for New York. Whatever money I had earned I sent to Gerda for my parents so that they would not be without any money when they arrived in New York.

I wanted to earn more money than the pittance that I got as a housemaid. Searching in the newspaper, I found that the only job that paid a lot of money was that of a barmaid. I had no idea what a barmaid was, or what the job entailed, but I knew that I could learn. I arrived at an office in the center of town, wearing a pretty sports dress and bobby socks. When I climbed the stairs and opened the door, an elderly matron greeted me and asked what I wanted. "I have seen the ad for a barmaid and I am applying for the job." She gave me a long, hard look and said, "Child, go home as fast as you can. No job for you!" Just then a curtain in that room opened and a man, about 40 years old, stepped forward and said, "Hold it. You are just right for the job, and I will teach you." As inexperienced as I was, a safety bell sounded in my head. I turned, ran down the steps and out into the street. I felt as if I had escaped disaster. I still did not know what a barmaid had to do, but instinctively I felt that it was not for me.

I continued in my present job. When I told Christa about my experience, she was shocked and made me promise never to do that again.

My English had improved to the point where I could talk fluently and understand conversations well. I still had a mixture of Scotch and German accents.

Suddenly I got a phone call from the American Consulate in London, telling me that my visa for the United States was waiting there for a while, and why did I not come to pick it up? I

was shocked. I loved London, had many friends there and had no intention of leaving England. Christa was my official guardian, since I was under age. She felt that, with almost nightly bombings, she could not take the responsibility of keeping me in England. If I had a chance to leave, I should leave.

How did I get a visa so suddenly? When my parents arrived in New York, another cousin of mine, Walter, a former lawyer in Berlin who had emigrated in 1934, knew the current laws in the States. "If parents are living in the U.S.A. legally, their minor children, living abroad, may come on a special quota, which goes directly to Congress." He arranged the application for my parents. And that is how the visa was waiting for me in London.

After many talks with Christa, I agreed to emigrate to the U.S.A. At the Consulate I was told, "You are an enemy alien, and as such, you may be rounded up and interned on an island. If that happens, it will take us too long to get you out, and you may lose your visa. We do not know when you can leave on a boat, because only one harbor is open. So you must be near your telephone every morning between 8 and 9 a.m. When we call you, you will have one hour to get to Eustace Station to leave for America. But you must avoid arrest."

Roundups of enemy aliens took place every morning between 5 and 7 a.m. In order to avoid arrest, I left the house every morning at 4:45 a.m. with a quickly-packed small suitcase in the event I would be caught, so I had something to take along, and I hid in alleys until 7 a.m. Then I returned home as fast as possible, repacked the small suitcase, in the event that I would sail to America, and sat by the telephone and waited. That sort of "game" went on for three weeks. This was after the Battle of Dunkirk, and I began to wonder if I would ever receive the phone call. Well, one day it came at the mentioned time, between 8 and 9 a.m. I had one hour to

arrive at the station and in my hurry to say goodbye and to take a few belongings, I forgot most of my important papers. I would have to manage life in America without them. I had bought a going away gift for Christa, two beautiful, large grapefruits. I hunted for them all over London; they cost a fortune and were almost impossible to obtain. Fresh fruit was practically non-existent, but I knew how much she like grapefruits. I left it for her with a note of "Thank you and my love." I never saw Christa again.

At Eustace Station I was put on a train to go somewhere. I was not told where I was going. In any case, my journey to the U.S.A. had begun. On the train I met a girl my age, Dorothy, also from Berlin. She was just as frightened as I was. We immediately decided to stick together and to help each other. After hours of a train ride, we reached the ocean and our boat. The Furness Line ship was a 7,000-ton freighter, not very clean and quite uncomfortable. The minute we arrived on board, we were handed life preservers and told to wear them 24 hours, day and night, even to sleep with them on.

Dorothy and I managed to get a tiny cabin together; we absolutely refused to be separated. An older woman, Eva, joined us. She was 28 years old, which seemed ancient to us. She was a teacher and the three of us roomed together in the tiny cabin for three weeks. What bothered me, and the other passengers as well, was that the crew or stewards were sullen, close-mouthed, did not answer questions and were downright unfriendly. Many weeks later, I found out why this was so, but at the time I felt uncomfortable. In sweltering heat, we lay in harbor for four days, in complete blackout. I did not think that the boat would ever move. When I awoke on the fifth day, with beautiful sunshine, I saw that we had left the harbor and were out at sea. To my great surprise, we were surrounded by seven large ships, two mine sweepers, two destroyers and

three ships on the sides and behind us. Two airplanes were overhead and followed us closely. It was a great puzzle. We were eighty refugees on board. Just why would the British Government go to this expense to safeguard a handful of people this way? When we questioned the stewards about this, we were told that the boat carried salt for Newfoundland. None of us believed it, but we felt quite uneasy, even with all that protection. For four days we zigzagged in the Irish Sea, trying to avoid mines. We were at sea for 21 days. The ship took the northern route, near the icebergs. In June and July it was bitterly cold on board, grey and foggy, and the water was turbulent. Almost everybody was terribly seasick, everybody except Dorothy and myself. We did not miss a meal. Often we were the only passengers in the dining room. It was wonderful having so much food, after the hunger in London. After every meal, Dorothy and I made it a rule to circle the deck a few times. Often we had to put ropes around our bodies so that we would not be swept overboard. But we never got seasick and we enjoyed the dining room for 21 days. Often I would stand at the railing looking into the foaming, turbulent water, wondering what I would do if our vessel were indeed torpedoed by the Germans. I was told how to jump into the water to avoid being drawn under the wheels of the boat. But chances of survival, if that happened, were almost nil. The water was freezing.

The weather continued to be bitterly cold with hail, rain and even snow. I had to laugh at the irony of it; when I left Germany, my mother had packed some beautiful clothes for me, suitable for English garden parties (instead we were in air raid shelters), and also clothes for dancing and festivities on a boat to America. We did not know then, that these really gorgeous clothes would never leave my suitcase. The freighter was much too dirty for that. As a matter of fact, those clothes were never worn even once. However, that lovely pink dress and the white woolen coat I saved for many years, even though I never had the opportunity to wear them.

Since we were in complete blackout, I could not let my parents know that I was traveling to the U.S.A. Of course, it was doubtful if I would ever make it. But when we really reached Newfoundland, this was a location where the danger of being torpedoed was minimal. The blackout was lifted and I could send a telegram to my parents, telling them of my arrival in New York in three days. My parents at this point had no idea that I had ever left London or even that I was still alive. The life preservers could now come off, and I had the best night's sleep since I had been traveling on the water.

V. AMERICA

Coming to New York on July 4, 1940, and seeing my parents alive, was a wonderful experience. None of us knew, 15 months earlier, if we would ever see each other again.

My parents had rented a large room with a kitchenette in a private house in the Bronx, near Prospect Avenue. The bathroom on the floor was shared with other people. Since my parents' rooms was on the ground floor, they had the use of a small patio leading into an even smaller garden. It was clean and pleasant. The two old landladies who owned the building were gentile Germans, who had lived in the United States since their childhood, and were appalled at what was going on in Germany under Hitler. My mother had rented a small room for me upstairs in the same house where they lived. Many of my other relatives who had emigrated much earlier, lived close by.

Seeing America and New York for the first time, was an overwhelming experience. Since I arrived on July 4th, all the flags were outside and the houses were decorated. I assumed, of course, in my ignorance, that all those flags and decorations were for my arrival in the United States. Much later I did learn what the 4th of July meant for America. I was slightly deflated.

Of course, five years later, when I applied for my U.S. citizenship, I had learned a lot about American history.

I still remember seeing Times Square at night, for the first time, in all its glory, and

dreaming what this big and wonderful country had in store for me.

How very proud I was, when I became a U.S. citizen. No longer was I stateless, but I could call this country my own. And what a country! A happy day indeed!

My parents, particularly my mother, was jubilant to have me, her little girl, at home again. As much as I loved my parents, and I was very close to them, I was no longer my mother's little girl. I had gone through the immigration alone, had worked as a maid, danced and sang in a London theatre, and had survived it all. Now it was impossible for me to live again under my parents' roof. I had become independent. I did not want to hurt their feelings, so I knew that I had to quickly find a job.

I had arrived with only three dollars; that was all I was allowed to take out of wartime England, and three dollars was not going to last very long. Every night I sat with the New York Times and mapped out the way to travel to midtown to search for a job. I had one nickel fare to go downtown and one to come back home. In between, I walked from one job interview to the next, either starting midtown and walking uptown towards home, or reversing it. My mother gave me a sandwich each day, which I ate while walking.

On the tenth day after my arrival in New York, I landed a job at Israel Zion Hospital as a nurse in Pediatrics. My state diploma in infant's care from Berlin came in very handy. The nursing office was highly impressed, since nobody here had a state license at that time. I had to live at the hospital apartments, which suited me well, and my parents were not too unhappy, since I was well and safe and promised to see them on my day off.

After one week in America, I read a notice of great interest in the New York Times. The Nazis had knowledge that Great Britain was sending its gold to the United States for safekeeping

during the war. This was after the Battle of Dunkirk and the British did not know if they would be overrun by Germany. The Germans missed our little boat, the 7,000-ton Furness ship which carried the British gold. Exactly one week later, a large boat left England with 1,000 people on board. Germany was sure that the gold would be on that ship. They torpedoed it, and everybody on board was killed. That was the reason for the sullen and withdrawn behavior of our crew and stewards; they knew that we carried the gold on board our vessel. It was a matter of luck, who lived and who died.

I liked my work at the hospital. I was a good, popular nurse with excellent training, and was well liked by my co-workers, the medical staff and the patients. My problem was the language. I was fluent in English, but my technical training had been in German. I did not know the medical words in English.

The telephone on the ward was particularly frightening. Doctors would call and give orders for medications for patients. I was afraid that I might not understand it correctly. To avoid that, whenever the telephone rang, I would hide in a closet and let it ring until finally another nurse would answer it. After a while, the head nurse asked me, "Why do you always hide in the closet when the phone rings?" I told her of my fear and for the time being was excused from answering the phone. They all thought it was kind of funny.

My salary as a nurse was $50.00 a month plus room and board, consisting of sharing a room with another nurse and three meals, the last meal being served at 4:30 p.m. By 9 p.m. I was starving and had to buy something to eat. Of the $50.00, I gave $25.00 to my parents. They did not want it, but I felt better that they had a little extra money. Of my $25.00, I put $12.50 into a bank and kept $12.50 for myself for additional food, carfare and other expenses. I managed well.

For $1.00 one could buy a lot of things in 1940.

I tried to get a nurse's Registration from Albany. They refused, giving me only one year of credit, and required me to go into training for two more years. Nurses at that time worked 12 hours a day, 6 days a week. I felt, if I had to go into training again, it should be something with better hours. I settled on laboratory work, and applied at Hunter College on Lexington Avenue and 68 Street. But I had no school papers, only the German State Diploma. I presented myself at Hunter College and told the dean what I wanted to study. After a lot of arguments, because I had no papers, the dean arranged for me to be interviewed by a German professor who was very familiar with school curriculum in Berlin. He questioned me for two hours, in minute detail, about schedules and what I had learned at the Goethe Schule, about the school itself, the teachers and the school building. He wanted to be absolutely sure that I was telling the truth, since I had no proof at all. At the end I was admitted, but was told that I had to maintain an 85% average. I had no idea what that meant.

Since I had to earn a living, I enrolled in night school and found a job taking care of a one-year-old boy whose parents were working. With another girl that I knew, we rented a walk-up, a one-bedroom, furnished apartment, off Central Park West for $28.00 a month. We shared all expenses.

The apartment had a large living room with a balcony. My friend, Gertrude, decided that she would like the smaller room, the bedroom, for herself. I agreed with that, since I liked space, and all our company, when we had friends come to visit, would usually stay in my room, the living room, which had a couch for sleeping. We had a large kitchen and a bathroom. It was a light, comfortable place. For the first time, the fact that I had to maintain myself in independent living

"hit home" and it was somewhat scary. I had to work to pay the rent and to eat. I just had to make it! I was disappointed when Gertrude decided to move out.

After two years I quit my hospital job. My cousin, Walter, the CPA and former lawyer, had found out about a Registry in laboratory work in Indiana, an affiliate of the American Society of Clinical Pathologists. If you passed a very stiff examination, the Registry gave you a Medical Technologist license. Walter felt, that without other papers, it was imperative to obtain some kind of a license. The Registry was particular about the college courses they required. All of them were advanced science courses. I did not want to waste time on prerequisites, so I went immediately into Advanced Bacteriology which was far over my head. With tremendous effort, I learned to study the American way, which is quite different from that taught in Europe.

Attending Hunter College proved to be a disaster at the beginning. We were eight students in the evening course. The professor was French, with a strong accent, not easy to understand. All around me students were writing furiously, taking notes. I had no idea what they were doing. I tried to listen carefully to the professor and to remember what she taught. At the end of the week we had a test; I got 65. Bacteriology or Microbiology was the most advanced course in that category with many prerequisites, none of which I had.

This went on for several weeks. I never got more than 65 on those weekly tests. The professor informed me that she would have to give my name to the dean, for failing the course. I was shocked and petrified. She then told me to show her my notes. I told her that I did not have any. She wanted to see my textbook and again I told her that I did not have one. Then she looked at me and said, "Without a textbook and notes you managed to get 65 on all those tests! That is incredible." She then instructed me how to take notes, which textbook to get, and how to prepare

myself to study for tests. That textbook became my Bible. She also did not report me to the dean. Now, knowing how to study, I finished the course with the highest grade.

When the baby I was taking care of slept during the day, I would do my homework. Since I had to maintain an 85% average, I really worked very hard. I went to school at night for four years. Hunter College had an excellent laboratory program.

My roommate moved out for a better job at a different location. That meant that I also had to move to an affordable place, since now I had to pay the rent by myself. I found a pretty furnished room nearby, right off Central Park West. This was at the end of 1943. America had entered World War II in 1941 and better paying jobs became available. I started to work at a Blood Bank at University Hospital in lower Manhattan. The hospital is now known as New York Hospital. We took blood from donors and sent the plasma to our troops at various locations. (Figure 17.)

Figure 17. Rosemarie at work in the laboratory.

VI. MARRIAGE

One day, a coworker, Emily, asked me to join her at a discussion group in the evening. Since I did not know many young people, I agreed to go with her. I did not realize that there I was to meet my future husband, Hans. Between my schoolwork at night and working during the day, I lacked the opportunity to meet people of my age.

The discussion group was about current events and topics of interest. Somebody would always be the discussion leader and that varied with every get-together. After several weeks, it became my turn to lead the current events discussion. I had prepared myself well, reading the New York Times daily. After I had given my speech, I was challenged by a good-looking young man, whom I had not previously seen there. He proceeded to rip apart my well-rehearsed speech, telling me, in no uncertain terms, where I was wrong.

I was furious at what I felt was the interference of an intruder's opinion. I did not know where he came from or what his purpose was, to be so obviously mean to me. He was good-looking and spoke well, and in a way I was attracted to him.

At the end of the evening, the young man came over to me and said that he got a great kick out of what he had been doing and that I really gave a very good presentation. Then he asked me to join him for a cup of coffee. After an initial hesitation, I accepted. And so began our acquaintance which resulted in a marriage of 41 years.

Since both of us went to night school — Hans went to Cooper Union, studying Mechanical Engineering— we could meet only after work and before school started in the evening. We met mostly at a Horn and Hardart for a quick bite. Both of us had very little money. Hans had also arrived at the States with three dollars in 1941, from a French concentration camp. (Figures 18 and 19.) Hans came from a sophisticated background. His father, Ludwig, was a physician, an ear, nose and throat specialist, who had his own clinic in Berlin. Hans' mother, Charlotte Rachel, was an art historian, who often conducted private tours at the New York museums. I attended one of them, and was fascinated. Hans grew up with a musical background, on his father's side. One of his forefathers was the composer Giacomo Meyerbeer.

Hans' father was an excellent pianist and Hans himself played the violin. Several of his first cousins were professional musicians; one was a cellist who played in the Cleveland Orchestra under the conductor George Szell. The cellist is still with that orchestra today.

By now I was completing the required science courses at Hunter College. But one requirement of the Registry was one year of full-time training under the guidance of a pathologist. This was the stumbling block. I did not have the money to go into training for one year, since my expenses, the rent and all, continued.

By chance, I happened to meet a girl on 14th Street who lived in Boston and was visiting New York. While talking to her, I mentioned my predicament of not having the money to take the internship. This is what she told me: "There is an organization called Educational Foundation for Jewish Girls. They are located on 5th Avenue. They have a lot money, but they don't want to go public. Call them, maybe they can help you." I did that, and after several interviews I was granted $1,800.00 which was a lot of money at that time. With that, I enrolled at the Polyclinic Hospital

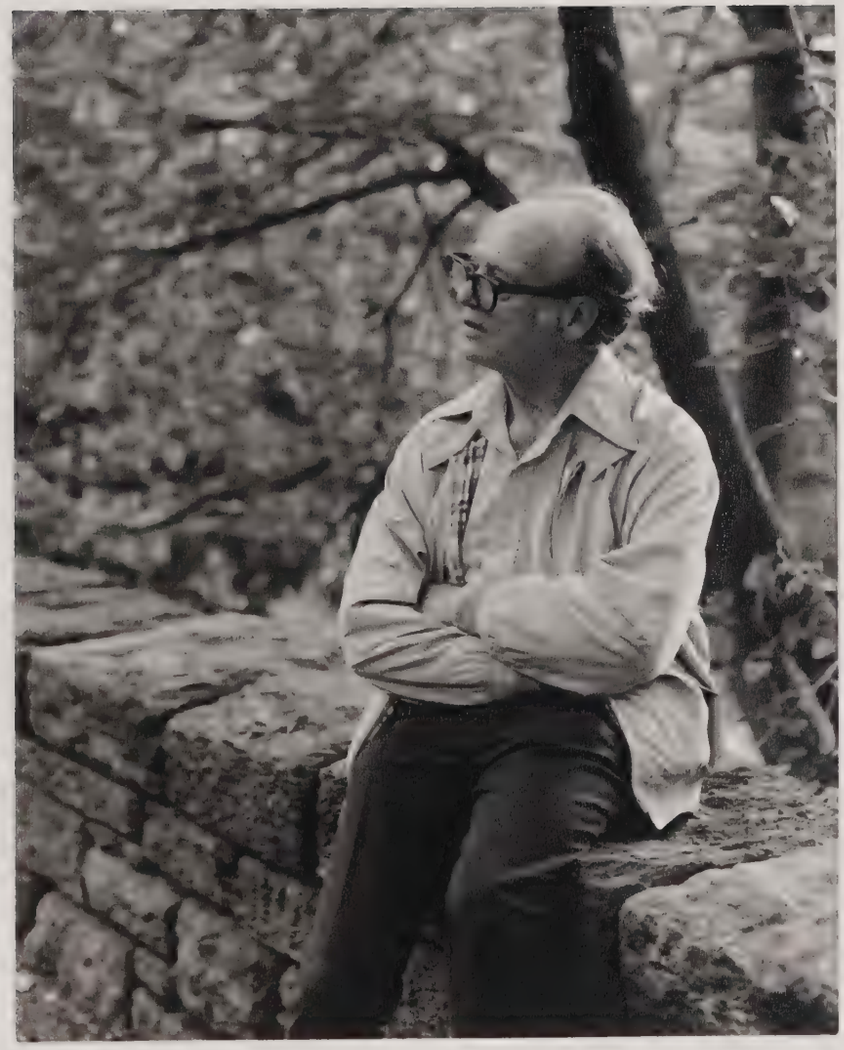


Figure 18. Hans Joseph, Rosemarie's husband.

Figure 19. Rosemarie and husband, Hans Joseph.

and Medical School under the pathologist Dr. Sidney Gladstone for one year. So I began my training towards the final Registry examination, which was given twice a year.

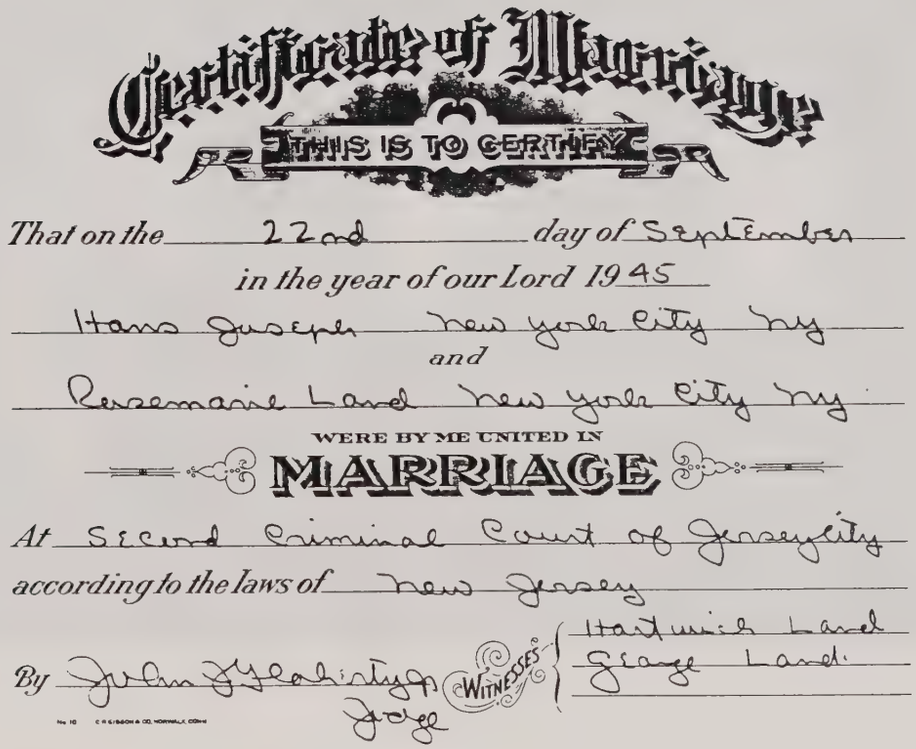
During my training at the hospital, Hans and I decided to get married. The romance, which had lasted 1½ years, was a very happy, exciting time. We were married in September 1945. The wedding took place in my cousin Gerda's apartment. She had a very large place and removed most of her furniture and stored them at a neighbor's. Together with my parents, Gerda invited all our relatives and friends. We were a large crowd. Unfortunately, Hans's parents and his younger brother were still in Brazil; they had to miss this beautiful event. They arrived in the States one year later.

Both my parents had found well-paying jobs, my mother as a bookkeeper in a large firm and my father in an optical company. My mother had deposited the entire amount of money that I had given them since 1940, into a separate account. They never touched it, and it was handed to both of us at our wedding. It certainly came in handy, since I was still in training.

The wedding ceremony was about to begin. All the guests were present, but my husband-to-be, Hans, had not arrived. Everybody got very nervous. What could have happened? Where could he be? I knew that there had to be a good reason for his delay. Finally he appeared, completely out of breath, looking as if he had run for miles, with a large stack of school books under his arm. He had run from one bookstore to the next, desperately hoping to get needed textbooks for the upcoming mid-term examinations, which we both faced.

Because of school, we had to delay our honeymoon until the Christmas vacation, three months later. We went skiing in Vermont and had a wonderful time. (Figures 20 and 21.)

Both of us went to school at night. We had dinner at 10:30 p.m. on four nights each week.



Certificate of Marriage

THIS IS TO CERTIFY

That on the 22nd day of September
in the year of our Lord 1945
Hans Joseph New York City NY
and
Rosemarie Land New York City NY
WERE BY ME UNITED IN
MARRIAGE
At Second Criminal Court of Jersey City
according to the laws of New Jersey
By John J Gleason Judge
WITNESSES
Hartwich Land
George Land

Figure 20. Certificate of Marriage for Hans Joseph and Rosemarie Land.

Figure 21. Parents of Rosemarie and Hans: (from left) Hartwig Deutschland, Charlotte Joseph, Else Deutschland and Dr. Ludwig Joseph.

I did not know how to cook and asked my mother how to make her delicious chicken soup. I followed her instructions, but the soup was awful and had to be thrown out together with the chicken. We both tried again, doing what she told me to do. The result was the same, no dinner of chicken soup. I was quite desperate; I really wanted to feed my husband. Finally my mother asked, "Tell me, did you wash the chicken well, inside and outside, before cooking?" "Of course not! You did not tell me to do that." So the problem was solved, and I gradually turned into a pretty decent cook.

We found a small place to live in, located on West 93rd Street, just off the corner of Central Park West. It consisted of a large room, with an alcove on the side for bed and dresser and a curtain to block it off, a small bathroom and an even smaller kitchen. This was on the second floor of a brownstone house. We were very happy in our own home.

The year was almost over at Polyclinic Hospital Medical School and my training was coming to an end. I knew that I would have to take the Registry examination as soon as possible, before I would forget things I had learned. It was a dreaded examination, very tough, and a lot of mathematics was involved. I had heard that many students had to take it several times. The day finally came, and in the fall of 1946, I presented myself for a day-long test, both practical and written. We were seven students taking the test. Three of us passed. I was one of the lucky ones. I could hardly believe it, that this diploma, valid in every state of the union, Canada and Hawaii, was really mine. Now I could get a job as a Medical Technologist of the American Society of Clinical Pathologists. (Figures 22, 23 and 24.)

I started to work in a private medical laboratory, in Brooklyn, run by a pathologist and hematologist. I was in charge of the lab, because the doctor arrived in the early afternoon only,

Registry of Medical Technologists
of the
American Society of Clinical Pathologists

To Whom These Presents May Come, This Certifies That:

Rosemarie Land Joseph

is a qualified Medical Technologist as defined by the Board of Registry of the American Society of Clinical Pathologists in confirmation of which the signatures of the officers of the Registry and of the President of the American Society of Clinical Pathologists are hereunto inscribed.

Board of Registry

Chairman

Secretary

President American Society of Clinical Pathologists

Registrar

THIS CERTIFICATE IS VALID UNTIL IT BEARS THE SEAL OF THE CURRENT YEAR

Figure 22. Certificate of Registry of Medical Technologists issued to Rosemarie.

CERTIFICATE

Membership

Be it known that

ROSEMARIE L. JOSEPH, M.T.(ASCP)

HAVING BEEN FOUND DULY QUALIFIED TO PRACTICE THE ARTS AND SCIENCES OF MEDICAL LABORATORY TECHNIQUE AS DESIGNATED BY THE BOARD OF REGISTRY OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF CLINICAL PATHOLOGISTS IS HEREBY ACCEPTED AS A

Member

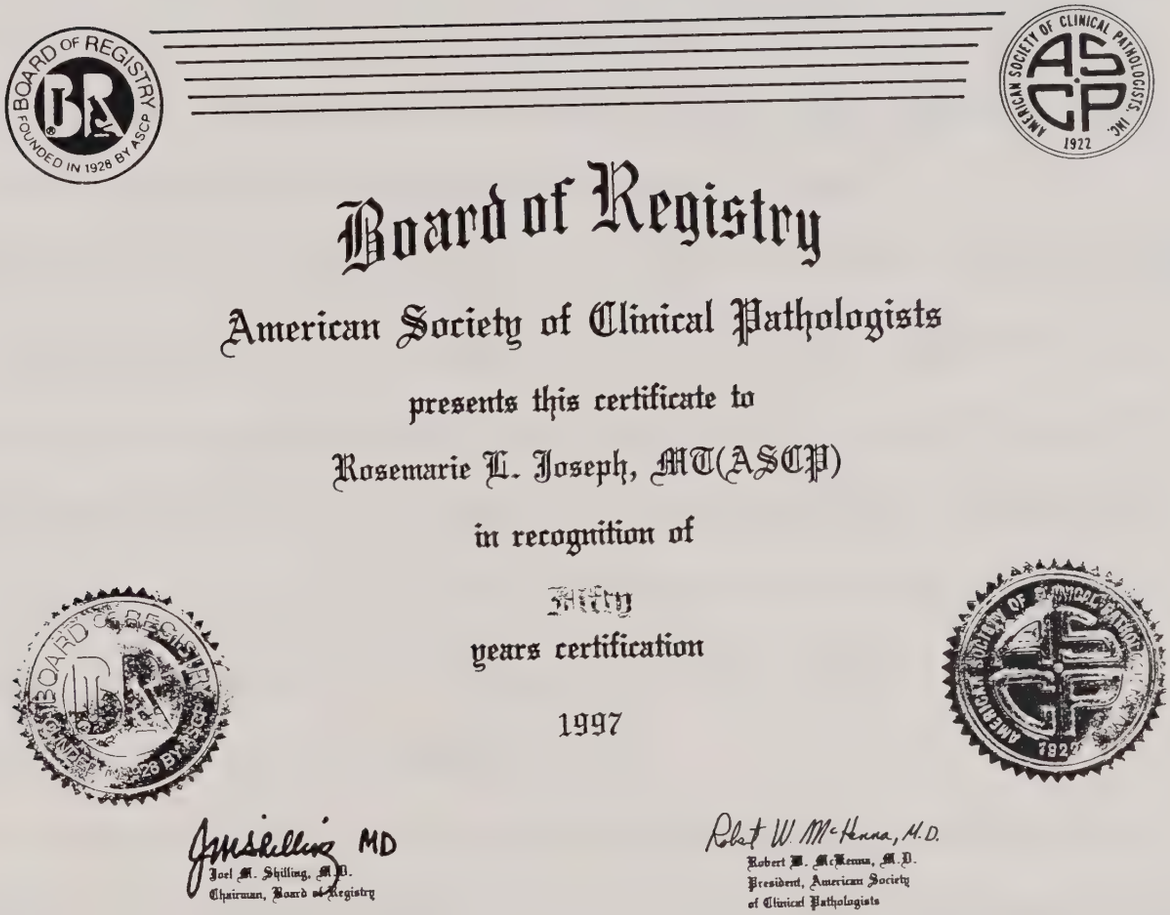
of the

American Society of Medical Technologists

Signed this eighteenth *day of* February *A. D.,* 1948

President *Secretary*

Figure 23. Certificate of Membership in the American Society of Medical Technologists.



Board of Registry

American Society of Clinical Pathologists

presents this certificate to

Rosemarie L. Joseph, MT(ASCP)

in recognition of

Fifty

years certification

1997

Joel M. Shilling, M.D.
Chairman, Board of Registry

Robert W. McKenna, M.D.
President, American Society
of Clinical Pathologists

Figure 24. Certificate of American Society of Clinical Pathologists in recognition of 50 years of certification.

but I could reach him with questions at any time. I held this position for five years, until 1952.

In the meantime, Hans was graduated from Cooper Union and was offered a Fellowship at Princeton University. The Fellowship in Mechanical Engineering was tuition-free, plus some living expenses toward achieving the Master in Engineering degree. We discussed the offer, figured our money reserve and agreed that my salary would be enough to see us through Princeton. Hans commuted daily to the university, and after much hard work he was graduated only nine months later with an M.S. from Princeton. It was a great day of celebration. Hans's parents and younger brother, had arrived in the States in 1947 or 1948 from Brazil, and we all spent the day in Princeton. This was in 1950. Hans immediately found a position at Walter Kidde and Company and stayed there for 33 years, until the company moved to North Carolina.

Hans had several secretaries, all of whom were in love with him. They would bake cookies for him, and let it be known how good a boss he was. Most of my friends suggested that I get rid of all of those secretaries as soon as possible. I said, "Why, there will be others. If he enjoys it, so be it." Hans brought all those cookies and cards home to me. I also could have had my share of adventure in the hospital with some of the doctors. There was one in particular, very attractive and appealing. Then I thought, why should I do anything like this. There is no need for it. It would hurt Hans terribly, and all my temptations passed.

In the meantime, we got a larger apartment on upper Broadway, opposite Fort Tryon Park. My parents, my in-laws and my cousin and her husband lived in the same building. The two sets of parents got along beautifully. I adored my mother-in-law; she was wonderful. I hoped that I would be as good a mother-in-law if that time ever came.

VII. CHILDREN

We wanted to have a family. I had one miscarriage after the other, with innumerable tests involved. I don't even know how many miscarriages I had, but I was not able to carry past three months. It was a very trying and disappointing time. Together with the continuing tests, all of which were negative, I was in a rather melancholy mood.

The psychological aspect of all of those miscarriages was dreadful. I was beginning to dream about pregnancies and about losing a child. All that I needed was friends asking me why I did not have children, since they all bore children. I looked hungrily and longingly into my friends' baby carriages.

In 1952 I lost both my parents within three months of each other. My father died first at age 77, and my mother lost the will to live. They had been married for 47 years and were extremely close to each other. On my father's birthday, my mother, at age 72, had a cerebral hemorrhage and died instantly.

After her death, I went into a state of depression. I left my job. I just could not work and I hardly talked. I felt lost, like an orphan. Until then, I could be a child, having a parent. I knew that if I would ever need it, my father would find a way to help me. This went on for several weeks.

Finally Hans felt something had to be done. On a Sunday morning we went across the street and sat on a bench in the park. Suddenly Hans said to me, "We are not getting up from this

bench until you start talking and telling me how you feel." I was shocked and told him that I did not know what to say. But with his questioning, I did begin to speak, and we sat on that bench for many hours. After that, I felt much better and said that I wanted to take a part-time job. That materialized at Jewish Memorial Hospital, across the street from where we lived. I had gotten over the depression. I loved my job which soon turned into a full-time position at the laboratory.

Again I was pregnant, and again I started to hemorrhage. The fertility doctor told both of us, "Enough is enough. The next time you may bleed to death. If you want a child that badly, you will have to adopt one." There we were with that sad news.

After long waiting and many interviews and consultations at the Louise Wise Agency, we were given a beautiful baby boy of five months, whom we named Claude Harvey Joseph. He was such a wonderful baby, blonde and blue-eyed, and surprisingly, he looked just like my husband, Hans. I could not wait each morning to get up to dress him in those beautiful outfits that our friends and relatives had given him. At the beginning, I wanted to be with him all the time so that he would learn to recognize me as his mother. I guess you call that bonding and that's what we surely did. This was an extremely happy time, being a mother to Claude. He did everything almost a year earlier than other children his age. He walked at nine months and talked at one year, even three or four words together. I would not tell other mothers what he did for I was afraid that they would not believe me. (Figure 25.)

Five years later, we obtained another child from the same agency, again a little boy. He was small because he was born prematurely. Andrew Ellis Joseph was also five months old and had weighed only four pounds at birth.

Andy looked very different from Claude. (Figure 26.) Andy had a mop of dark, curly hair

Figure 25. Hans Joseph and little Claude.

Figure 26. Claude and Andy Joseph.

and brown eyes. Everybody felt that he resembled me (poor boy). Since he was so small, feeding him was a big job. But it was wonderful to see how that little guy blossomed after a short time in our home. The children were named after my deceased parents; Ellis was named for my mother Else, and Harvey was named for my father Hartwig.

Now our family was complete. It would be utopia to believe that you could raise a family without problems or illness. We had our share of troubles, but never lost the feeling how blessed we were to have children.

When Claude was with us for several months, we moved in 1956 into a much larger, beautiful apartment on Dongan Place. My in-laws and my cousin Gerda had a place around the corner from us. Only my parents were missing.

When each boy reached ten years of age, he went to a private school. Claude went to Fieldston, and Andy went to Barnard and Bentley.

In 1960, my father-in-law passed away. It was a bad time for all of us. Claude remembered his "Opa" well and all the stories he was told by his grandpa. When Hans told Claude one morning that his Opa had died, Claude answered, "Daddy, now you will have to tell me stories."

With the death of her husband, "Oma" began to devote much more time with my children, who adored her. When Andy started school, I worked part time in Leukemia Research at the Jewish Memorial Hospital. The advantage of Leukemia Research was that I could take summers off and had flexible working hours. The disadvantage was the emotional impact children with leukemia have on people who are working with them. I remember one particular case, a 10- year-old boy, George, good looking, a picture of health, and a junior horse-riding champion. After his blood tests were taken, I was pretty sure that this handsome boy would not be alive six months

later. These months were horrible for his family, for George and for myself. I knew then that if I wanted to continue in research, I must never allow myself to get emotionally involved with a patient.

An interesting part of my work in the Biochemistry Laboratory at Jewish Memorial Hospital, was in chromosome study or Cytogenetics. Some thirty years before, chromosome study was in its infancy and very few establishments had the proper facilities to do the work. Our pathologist sent me to Lincoln Hospital for one week of training in this field. A visiting professor from Yugoslavia taught this specialty there and I learned much from him.

A special event that will always remain in my mind, was a pregnant woman who had an amniosynthesis done at a very prestigious hospital and was told that she would deliver a boy. Well, at Jewish Memorial Hospital she delivered a girl, and all hell broke loose! The woman blamed everybody. She wanted the boy that she had expected. Her doctor was beside himself and wanted another chromosome study done on the baby immediately. However, that study was possible no sooner than three or four days later because the baby would have only the mother's chromosomes until that time. There was another test, however, that could be performed right away. It was a slide test, looking for "Barr bodies" which could determine the sex of a child. I did that test, but with no conclusive result. I called the pathologist and the assistant pathologist and we all sat for many hours, puzzling over the inconclusive result, which meant that the child could be either male or female. Finally, after many hours, the verdict was that this baby could grow up to be either male or female, depending on the predominant characteristics, which this child would develop later in life.

Besides chromosome study at the laboratory, my main job was in Biochemistry. Our

pathologist, Dr. Alfred Schwartz, a wonderful boss, was also a man with great vision who believed in the future of computers.

Around 1970, Union Carbide in Westchester, N.Y., developed what was probably the first medical computer, the "Centrifi Chem". Joe, the night supervisor of the laboratory and myself were asked by our pathologist to spend one week with Union Carbide to learn the operation of that rather complicated machine, with the option of installing it in our own laboratory. This operation completely revolutionized the analysis of blood samples. Until then tests were performed by hand, which was accurate but time-consuming. With the Centrifi Chem, 29 blood samples of different patients, all of whom received the same tests, were analyzed within minutes. This was a tremendous improvement in time and case-load. The Centrifi Chem became my "medical baby". I loved that equipment and treated it with respect. Nobody besides Joe and myself was allowed to operate it for a long time. Then we trained two other people in its use in case we were absent.

It became such a success, that medical dignitaries from Europe and Japan came to see demonstrations in our laboratory. They were told, "All you do is, push buttons." But it was not quite that simple. True, we had to push buttons, but we had to know its sequence, and the operator had to be able to distinguish what were valid results and what was simply printed invalid data. This first computer was followed by a second model and then a third improved Centrifi Chem.

In 1983 or 1984, Jewish Memorial Hospital closed its doors, after having been in Chapter 11 for a long time. On the day of the auction of laboratory machinery, I went to the laboratory to visit the spectacle of bidding. When my beloved "medical baby" was taken away by the highest

bidder, it was more than I could take. With tears in my eyes, I left and never returned to the hospital.

VIII. LAKE CARMEL

In 1962, we bought a house at Lake Carmel in Putnam County, N.Y. We wanted a summer house, but it turned out to be an all-year-round house. It needed a lot of work. The upstairs was not finished, but the house had a great potential, with beautiful grounds and trees.

When I say, that the house needed a lot of work, that is a great understatement. The owner of the house had to move to California for health reasons. The house was rented for the winter months to hillbillies who wanted to get out of the cold. They had a lot of children, but no furniture, except for a TV set. To hang up their clothes, they hammered large nails into the walls, since they had no closets. They did have a telephone and next to it were telephone numbers written on the wall in lipstick. It took Hans and myself an entire weekend to pull all those nails out of the walls and to spackle up the holes. Those people must have liked sodas and beers because the entire yard was littered with bottle caps. We lined up five boys in the yard, each with a big paper bag. Whoever collected the most bottle caps would get a prize.

I became quite professional at laying floors and putting up ceilings. Hans was very capable and thorough and I learned a lot from him. We finished the upstairs completely. The house now had four bedrooms and 1½ baths, with a large basement, large enough to store a small sailboat and a large canoe. We loved Lake Carmel and our dream house and stayed there for 28 years.

A problem was that we had too many big trees. As much as it hurt us, some trees had to

go. I wanted a big green lawn for the children to be able to play baseball. This made our children very popular with the neighborhood kids. When we got the house, we also acquired a large dog, Skippy, who was part collie and part English setter. He was a wonderful watchdog. He was part of our family, and we enjoyed him for 15 years.

Besides our dog Skippy, two other animals became part of our family. Aspen, a native of Colorado, was part Labrador retriever and part Irish setter. He was a beautiful, temperamental, black animal. He came to us courtesy of our older son, Claude, who traveled cross-country with a friend after high school graduation. Claude wanted to keep Aspen at the university, but he was out of luck when the Dean of Students got her feet dirty on the puppy's mess. "You can stay, but that one has to go," she said.

We enjoyed Aspen for 13 years. The two dogs got along fine, and the older one taught the younger one. We used to walk both dogs together. When Skippy's hearing began to fail, Aspen would run to him and nudge him, as if to say, "Get up! Let's go! We are going outside."

The third animal was Magic, the cat, courtesy of our other son, Andy. Magic also came from Colorado. She was a most beautiful animal of the cat world, and just as mean. For a long time I was not sure that we would be able to live with her. When you wanted to touch her, she reared up, ready to kill you. Because she really belonged to Andy, I put up with her for a while, but finally I felt that if she was to stay with us, I would have to be her boss.

After a while, I could touch her and she even jumped on my shoulder and purred. That little cat — and she was a small one — completely dominated our two very large dogs. She would run past them at top speed, hitting them with her paw. They only turned their heads away. If she really got too much for them, they would growl, the sign for Magic Joseph to stop.

I always preferred dogs and never thought much of cats. After the dogs died and when Hans passed away, that wild, unfriendly cat, Magic, was a great comfort to me. When I came home, she was at the door to greet me. I kept her for many years. When I moved to West Palm Beach, Florida, I could not take her along. I found a good home for her, but the parting broke my heart.

A humorous thing happened many years ago. Claude, then age 8, broke his leg while skiing on the golf course behind our house at Lake Carmel. It was a nasty, spiral fracture, from knee to ankle. It was a nightmare to bring him to Jewish Memorial Hospital in the city where I knew a fine orthopedist.

After Claude came home from the hospital and recuperated, the question was what to do with him during the next three months. He had a cast on from toe to hip. I wanted him to be in school, so I engaged a limousine service with a chauffeur to pick him up at our house and deliver him to school, where two older monitors would lead him to his classroom. Our middle-class neighborhood got used to seeing a huge, shining, black limousine arrive in front of our house, and a little boy on crutches enter the car. After several weeks, people stopped staring. All went well, until one day the car agency got things mixed up and two identical limousines arrived at his school, Public School 152, to pick up my son. The poor boy did not know what to do, because each chauffeur insisted that he was the one to pick up Claude and to take him home. Luckily, they did not cut Claude in half! Claude finally decided to go with limousine number 1, because he knew the driver. But limousine number 2 insisted on following number 1 to our house; those were his instructions. I could not believe my eyes, and neither could all the neighbors on our small street, when we saw two large, shining, black limousines park in front of our house, and a small

boy on crutches emerge from one. I had a lot of explaining to do!

When Andy was ten and Claude was fifteen years old, I started to work full time in my old position in the Biochemistry Laboratory. These were my happiest and also busiest years. I worked full time and ran two households. Oma, my mother-on-law, usually came along to Lake Carmel on weekends. (Figure 27.) This meant that I had to keep nine beds ready at all times, and the children often brought friends along. Over the years, we had added four bedrooms to our house. Some of my relatives said to Hans, "I don't understand that you allow Rosemarie to work so hard." Hans mentioned that to me, but I could not understand what they were talking about. Never had I been happier than at those times. This reminds me of a cartoon I once saw: A living room in utter bedlam, three young children riding a tricycle, playing a drum, knocking over furniture, a father holding his ears, the mother entering the room, speechless. Underneath the cartoon it said, "These were your happiest years, if you only knew it."

Both our boys became Bar Mitzvah at our Temple. It was a festive affair each time. At the Kiddush after the service, the entire congregation was invited to partake of goodies. Afterwards, we had a luncheon/dinner, catered at the Temple. About 160 guests attended, including 20 children and classmates.

Our social life was busy. We found a group of musicians in Lake Carmel, which made the evenings enjoyable. In the city, we also had musical friends. Most of our friends had children close in age to ours. Other friends or acquaintances came from our Temple and from our workplace.

On alternate weekends when we were in our apartment in the city, we either had a party in our house or visited friends.

In Lake Carmel, Hans set a rule that friends could visit only on one day of the weekend,

Figure 27. Grandma Charlotte Joseph with Claude and Andy.

and the other day of the weekend was allocated to the family. In Lake Carmel we belonged to the Jewish Center, which was important, because Jews were not easily accepted in small communities. My son Claude, age 8, returned from Little League baseball practice saying, "The guys said, they always wanted to know what a Jew looked like."

While the children were in day camp in Lake Carmel during the summer months, I took up oil painting. My favorite subject was landscapes, fall and winter scenes. During my leisure time, I would sit at the lake and sketch and, later at home, paint in oil. I also loved to paint flowers. Mostly I cut them from our flower garden and made pleasing arrangements.

All in all, I painted some 70 paintings, some in pastel. I exhibited in New York, sold some of them and gave a few away as gifts. Painting was a hobby in our family. My father's oldest sister was a recognized professional painter, and my father painted beautifully in his spare time without having studied it.

Hans played the violin since he was a child. I started playing the cello when Claude was two years old, after having abandoned classical guitar, which I had studied and played for many years. With our piano we had different chamber music groups at home, trios, quartets or quintets. With their bedroom door open, the children often fell asleep to our music.

Our children went to religious school when they reached eight years of age and continued their studies for their Bar Mitzvah. This meant that we had to participate in our Reform Temple affairs. We belonged to "Beth Am, the People's Temple," where my husband was twice elected president and I served on the Temple board.

The teenage years were not always easy ones. Claude was a teen-ager in the 1960's and we all know what that was like — long hair, loud guitar playing, torn pants, and if they were not

torn, then they would be ripped and patches put on. Andy had different problems. As a young child he was so good, always doing the right thing, that I felt that at some time he would suddenly change. But luckily we survived it all. Both of our boys went through a marriage and a divorce. That seems to be the style nowadays. (Figures 28, 29, 30 and 31.)

Besides a lovely second wife, Ginny, Andy acquired a baby daughter, Kaity. They live in Maine. So now I have four granddaughters and I count my blessings.

Figure 28. Rosemarie with son Claude and granddaughter Hannah.

Figure 29. Claude Joseph with daughters Charlotte and Hannah.

Figure 30. Gabriella Joseph, Claude's youngest child.

Figure 31. Andy Joseph and daughter, Kaitlyn.

IX. RETIREMENT

After more than twenty years at the Jewish Memorial Hospital, from 1952 to 1982, with a 10-year leave of absence when the children were small, I took an early retirement. Hans followed me a few years later with his retirement from Walter Kidder and Co. in 1984. But he kept his private consulting engineering business active from our apartment in Manhattan, where he had an office, and from Lake Carmel. He continued to work from home until his death. We both joined a choir, the Hebrew Arts Chorale at the Merkin Concert Hall near Lincoln Center; we enjoyed singing very much. Hans continued to sing and to perform until four week before his death. We were also active in a group called Jewish Retired Professional People, which offered lectures and discussions.

Because I was born in Berlin, the Senate in Berlin invited both my husband and myself to spend one week in Berlin, all expenses paid, including flight, hotel and theatre. We received even plenty of spending money. Only English-speaking people were in this group. This meant Canadians, Australians, British and Americans. Both Hans and I had great misgivings about entering Germany again, for the first time since we had been "forced" to leave. But we decided that we might just as well get it out of our system and we went, not quite sure what to expect. Berlin meant nothing to me; everything had changed. Except for the German language, it could have been any other cosmopolitan city. The Berlin Government tried their utmost to make

everything as pleasant as possible, aware of our reluctance to be there.

We let out a sigh of relief when we left Germany again. Once was enough!

Unfortunately the time Hans and I could spend together was too short. While it lasted, it was beautiful. Hans was the type of person one does not find often. He was gentle, kind, with tremendous integrity, knew what he wanted, had great scientific knowledge and treasured his family. He loved the work he was doing and looked forward every morning to being at his desk in the office. Often he was offered different positions with much more salary, but I never encouraged him to take it. If you compare this with so many men who are unhappy in their work, we were truly fortunate.

When I started my retirement, I wanted to volunteer to work with children. I did not exactly know what I wanted to do, but I went to the Board of Jewish Family and Childrens Services to find out what was available. After hours of interviews with letters of personal recommendation, I was advised to go to Ittelson in Riverdale, a Residential Treatment Center for autistic children. There were interviews by the current psychologist, who told me to do a music program with the children on a one-to-one basis. Never having done anything like this before, I was truly scared, but was assured by the doctor that my classic and folk guitar and a little piano playing would be just fine. Besides the guitar which I brought with me, I was given a two-octave organ and an autoharp. One of the highlights was when two boys, age 8 and 10, played a duet on the organ and autoharp, for an assembly. The children could not read music, so I translated the notes into numbers, which they knew, and they played numbers instead of notes.

An older boy, who had trouble with his father at home (he lived at home, came there only for schooling), wanted no part of me. I played a few easy piano pieces for him. One was by

Haydn. I told him about "Papa Haydn", that's what he was called. From that moment on, this boy would only play pieces by Papa Haydn. He even went to the library to find music by the old master.

I loved my work and the children who were severely disturbed, and the music managed to draw some of them out and to add some joy to their difficult lives. The children's ages were 6 to 13 years. I had to attend staff sessions when one of my children was discussed. The first time I entered the board room with twenty professionals sitting around the table, I was petrified. It reminded me of the "Snake Pit". But I got used to these meetings and enjoyed them after a while. I stayed at Ittelson for three years, until my husband, Hans, died. He was so proud of what I was doing and could not hear enough about "my work." With his death I could not tolerate any kind of music — radio, singing or playing of music. It was too painful. Ittelson was finished for me.

X. WIDOWED

Hans, my husband of 41 years, died on July 19, 1986. He was my best friend and the companion of a lifetime. A year before his death, while we were in our country house in Lake Carmel, Hans suddenly felt that he had to go to New York City to see his doctor. We thought that we would stay there only for a few hours and then return to the country. But Hans was diagnosed almost immediately with inoperable rectal cancer, which had spread to both sides of the liver.

The prognosis was grim. Chemotherapy and radiation should start immediately. I told Hans, "Whatever needs to be done to you, we will do it together. I will be with you all the time." I tried to convince myself that with a lot of hope and help from the doctors, we would lick that terrible illness. Since there was no question of leaving the city at this point, Hans managed to get tickets for "Mostly Mozart" at Lincoln Center. While waiting for the performance to begin, Hans took my hand and said in a quiet voice, "Let's try to enjoy this. We may not have many more together." I was chilled to the bone. It seemed incredible that someone that ill could have the strength or willpower to plant tomatoes, cucumbers and beans or rake leaves or pull weeds. As a matter of fact, I had all these vegetables long after Hans had died.

He was fairly well until about four weeks before his death. We even took a two-week vacation to Colorado to see the children, then to San Diego and San Francisco. I thought that this

might improve his spirits.

We both sang in the Hebrew Arts Chorale at Merkin Concert Hall across the street from Lincoln Center. The final performance of that year took place four weeks before Hans died. We were on stage for four hours, under hot lights, for picture-taking, recordings and the performance. Even young people were exhausted, but nobody could understand how Hans managed to do this.

The least eight days of his life Hans was at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital. His oncologist told me that he could live a few hours or a few days. At that time, Hans was a twice-elected President of our Temple Beth Am. The traffic of congregational visitors to his bedside was tremendous. He still conducted Temple business from the hospital. His body no longer functioned, but his brain still worked well. Towards the end, I had arranged with his doctor not to prolong life, but to keep him comfortable with a minimum of pain. Hans kept mumbling, "Bills have to be paid, bills have to be paid." I assured him that all was taken care of. Hans had always handled all our finances. As much as he wanted me to take part in it, I refused, saying I would handle our social events and he the financial ones. I assured him that all bills were taken care of. Suddenly it was up to me to handle two households. I came home exhausted from twelve hours in the hospital. I did hire a Registered Nurse for the 12-hour night shift, still hearing his words, "Bills have to be paid." On his desk I found a large envelope marked, Real Estate Tax, which was overdue for the house in Lake Carmel. It was a large amount of money. Apparently this was on Hans's mind, even though he could not express it any more. Our money was mostly in New Jersey, where Hans had worked for 33 years. I was desperate. I had no ready money to pay that amount within a few minutes. I needed all available money to pay the nurse every day. Living became too difficult for me. I doubted that I could handle those problems. But after a while, my

head began to clear and I figured out a plan to follow. First of all, it became obvious to me that I had a grace period in which to pay the bill. Chances were that I would not lose the house. Secondly, I made out a check for the amount I owed. The next morning I went to my bank in New York and told them to wire that amount from the New Jersey bank to the New York bank so that I was covered. I mailed the check that morning, figuring that it would take about three days for the check to reach its destination. Meanwhile, the amount of the check would be covered, because the bank in New York would have received it. My first big financial transaction.

The funeral took hours. The entire congregation and all of our friends came. I do not know how many hundreds of people were there, but the funeral parlor had to open up another large room to accommodate all who had come to pay their respects to their president and to a most unusual friend. We were late at the cemetery because of the crowd, and they wanted to charge me overtime.

In the limousine returning from the cemetery, my older son Claude said to me, "Mom, you are going to make it. You are so strong; you don't even know yet how strong you are." My family was wonderful; the children were a terrific support. I could not cry. My children begged me, "Mom, while we are here, let us help you. Do cry." I could not. How could I cope with the loss that changed my life forever.

I could not listen to any kind of music. Hans had played the violin and I had played the cello together, and in larger groups we played chamber music, which he coached. That is when I started to cry, when I began to hear some music on the radio, after a while, and heard again every word of his coaching. He was a fantastic teacher, explaining the music to me and to others. Since music was involved at the Residential Treatment Center, I called there to say that I would not be

coming back.

My children were a great help to me. A year later, I sold the house in Lake Carmel. It was too much for one person to keep up two residences, and the children did not want the house.

After I sold the house in Lake Carmel, I considered the possibility of moving to Denver, where my oldest son, Claude, and his family lived. I had been to Denver many times before, but always as a visitor. Before relocating from New York, I wanted to get to know the neighborhood better in Denver. For the three weeks of my stay there, I rented a small apartment and a car. Immediately, I met a wonderful person, Wanda, who had also just arrived in Denver, and we hit it off splendidly. We explored the Jewish Community Center. I went to synagogues and slowly got to know the community. It was a good thing that I had delayed my moving to Denver because, quite suddenly, my children moved to Miami, Florida, because of job changes.

I kept busy in the Temple and in other organizations. A year and a half later, I met Irving, a doctor, who was a psychotherapist and pharmacologist. He was also wonderful but in a completely different way from Hans. As a matter of fact he helped me a lot to cope with my loss. We were together for five years. There was never a question of getting married, but the companionship meant much to me.

Both Irving and Hans were highly intelligent men. Although I did not want to get married again, I would have liked him to move to Florida, once I had settled there. That was not to be.

During the first year after I had moved to West Palm Beach, I spent the six summer months with Irving. We were very close and I learned much from him. But the distance from New York to Florida seemed to become greater and greater, until finally we decided that the arrangement would just not work out.

He still had his clients and office and did not want to relocate. We talked on the phone once or twice a week and remained close friends until a stroke felled him. His memory is now gone. It is a tragedy for such a brilliant man who published many books, to become a "vegetable". I still call the nursing home in Chicago where he is today.

I started again to volunteer at the Bronx Family Court through the Jewish Board of Family and Children. I enjoyed it, but it could not compare with working with the children in Ittelson.

In 1989 I had a mastectomy. The prognosis was fairly good. The mastectomy had a tremendous impact on me. I felt mutilated and not like a woman that anybody would like to be physically close to. Had I known before what my reaction would be, I would have opted for reconstruction. At my age, I thought, that would not be necessary. I was wrong. Irving, whom I had already met, helped me to get on with my life.

I was on medication for seven years and I still keep my fingers crossed. Again, my children and the extended Temple family were very helpful, as was my new friend.

XI. A NEW HOME, A NEW LIFE

With the changing of our once-beautiful neighborhood, I felt it was time to leave New York City where I had lived for fifty years. But before I left, Temple Beth Am had arranged for me to exhibit my 70 oil paintings under the name "Grandma Joseph." (Figure 32.) I sold what I could and donated money to the Temple.

In November 1990, I moved to West Palm Beach, Florida. Claude and his family were living in Miami. I had friends in West Palm Beach, but did not realize that it was quite a trip to Miami. Emmi, an older friend from Lake Carmel, lived there. She was a good musician and was like a mother to me.

As soon as I had settled in West Palm Beach, I decided that this was going to be my home in the future. I had to forget the 50 years of living in New York City. You can't really forget all the friendships that had developed over those years, but I knew that I had to move on, if I was going to enjoy my stay in Florida. What better way is there to meet new people than to join organizations and to offer your services? Since I already knew the Jewish Board of Family and Childrens Services in New York, I got in touch with a branch in Florida and volunteered in a variety of positions. I also joined Temple Israel, a Reform Temple, where I became a member of the choir and wrote an article for the Temple Bulletin every month for three years.

In New York, I had belonged to the National Council of Jewish Women. When I looked

all. Members who wish to becomes involved in the Membership Committee are invited to contact us.

Sincerely,
Linda Freitag & Claire Shean
Co-chairs

-0-

Art Exhibit
& Sale
Oil Paintings by
Rosemarie Joseph
(not Grandma Moses but Grandma Joseph)
Sunday, October 15
3 - 8 PM
Beth Am, the People's Temple
at the Cornerstone Center
178 Bennett Avenue
(one block west of Broadway at 189th Street)
a portion of the proceeds will be donated to Temple Beth Am

Don't miss this exciting event: Perhaps the subject and art is the piece you have been looking for - and it might just be waiting for you at this Showing!

Figure 32. Notice of Art Exhibit by "Grandma Joseph."

for them in Florida, I was warmly welcomed. After two years I became the Membership Chairperson and one of the Vice-Presidents. One by one, I found ORT, Brandeis Women and Deborah Hospital to be worthy and well deserving organizations to give my time to.

I loved my condominium and its surroundings. My condo consists of two bedrooms and two full baths, a large living room with a dining room space to the side, and a good-sized kitchen with all appliances. But best of all is the screened patio; it is as large as a room and looks right out on a lagoon with many water animals. I spend much time on the patio and do most of my paintings there.

Most of all, of course, I loved my family and all my granddaughters. Nancy, my daughter-on-law, gave birth to my third grandchild, Gabriella. I could not wish for a better daughter-in-law. It was a most exciting time. I learned to drive and to navigate my car from West Palm Beach to South Miami at least once a month. For me that is quite a trip.

One of the volunteer jobs that I enjoyed particularly was in career counseling with Susan at the Jewish Family and Childrens Service. Susan was highly trained in that field and made me her assistant. We worked mostly with Russian immigrants and tried to find jobs for them that they could handle. Many were professionals, but the English language was a tremendous barrier for them. I stayed with Susan for several years until, due to financial circumstances, this particular work was eliminated.

At a meeting of the National Council of Jewish Women, I met a young women of my age, who mentioned that she was a cellist. I volunteered the information that I had a cello, but had not played for many years. "Well," Bea said, "you must come and play in our orchestra. We can use more cellists." I was scared, but said that I would come and listen to a rehearsal. After that, I

knew that the time was right for me to pick up my instrument and I started to play again. But I needed some help to "take the rust off" and I found a most wonderful teacher living only two houses away from me. Henry was first cellist at the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra for most of his life. And so started a very intense relationship of teacher and friend, which lasted for many years until his death. I learned very much under his guidance. Mainly, I gained the self-confidence to tackle difficult passages. His favorite saying was, "You can do so much more than you think you can do." I was devastated by his death, to the point where I was not sure if I wanted to continue playing the cello. But in time I overcame those sad feelings and, in addition to playing weekly in an orchestra, I joined a chamber music group which consisted of either trio, quartet or quintet, and played once a week. To this day I continue playing both orchestra and chamber music.

My musician friends are urging me to find a new cello teacher. I agree that it would be a good idea and yet I am hesitant to do so. I keep remembering the things that Henry taught me, particularly his saying, "Have confidence. You can do it." Maybe I just need more time before I go on with someone else.

Music has become a great part of my life. I would hate to think what would happen to me if for any reason I could not manage to play any more. Part of me would be gone forever.

I also joined a group of bridge players. As much as I enjoyed the game, I enjoyed even more being together with people who share the same interests. A whole new world has opened up to me.

In New York, transportation was difficult. The walk at night from the subway was dangerous along Fort Tryon Park where I lived for 35 years. Even during the day, going outside for shopping was not always pleasant. That beautiful neighborhood had changed drastically and

that led to my resolve to resettle somewhere else.

By contrast, living in West Palm Beach in a condo, is much easier. My car is parked outside the apartment. One can drive everywhere and parking at shopping places or malls is no problem. Life is made easier for older people.

Previously I had come to Florida only on vacation and had to leave after a few weeks. After I moved to West Palm Beach, I remember the wonderful feeling, that I could stay there and did not have to move back to New York. Strange, to feel that way, after having had a beautiful life in New York for 50 years!

I would be remiss if I did not mention my good friend, Selma, my travel companion for the last seven years. We went together to Oregon; Minnesota; Santa Barbara; Madison in Wisconsin; England, Wales and Scotland; and San Diego. We had to cancel one trip to Italy, along the Amalfi Coast due to my very serious car accident shortly before the planned departure in August 1997. By the grace of God, I am alive, although I was hurt. My new Oldsmobile was totally wrecked by a young driver who ran through a red light.

I also took a trip through the Canadian Rockies and British Columbia. Most of the vacations were handled by Senior Summer School, and usually involved taking courses at the local universities. Other trips we took with Grand Circle Tours whom we found very competent. I want to mention how fortunate it is to find a person with whom you are so compatible that you can share rooming accommodations on trips.

My oldest friend, not in years but in the time-frame we know each other, is Ilse, who is living in New York. Ilse and I originally met in Berlin, when both of us belonged to the Zionist organization. We were youngsters at that time. (Figure 33.) When we left Europe, we lost touch

Figure 33. Rosemarie (left) with friend Ilse at age 13.

with each other. Through pure luck and incredible circumstances, we made contact with each other again. When Ilse moved to the United States from Africa and settled in New York, part of my youth came back to me. We resumed our relationship without interruption, even though Florida and New York are so many, many miles apart.

I have mentioned my friend, Wanda, from Colorado. Our friendship continued; I visited her twice in Lakewood, Colorado, and once she came to stay with me for a week. I am expecting her again in a few months. We literally talk together from morning to night. We do not see each other often, but when we are together, the friendship is there, as if there had never been an interruption. I am really fortunate also to have many other friends.

After the volunteer job with Susan folded, by chance I saw an announcement that the State Attorney's Office in Palm Beach was looking for volunteers. I applied and, after an extensive interview, was put in the Juvenile Division of the Court. I am now in my fifth year there. My job consists mainly in talking to victims of juvenile crime and to discuss with them what the court proposes to do for the youngsters. Sometimes the victims agree with a plea agreement and at other times they want to come to court to talk to the judge directly. I record and sign everything that I do. At times I will go into court, particularly if one of the children whose paperwork I prepared is scheduled to appear.

Three years ago on May 30, 1996, I was interviewed by the Survivors of the Shoah Visual History Foundation. That was an experience that I shall never forget. The interview lasted four hours but the tape, of which I have a copy, is only 1½ hours long. It was done in a highly professional way, with an interviewer and photographers. The tape consists of three parts: my teenage years under Hitler, emigration and then immigration. Steven Spielberg is the Chairman of

the Shoah Foundation. (Figure 34.) The purpose of the interview was to preserve the testimony of survivors of the Holocaust or Nazi persecution.

So, here we are, right up to date with the story of my life. Sometimes I stop to think: what would my life have been like if the Hitler years had never occurred?

Certainly my family would have been together for many more years. My parents would not have been forced to help their children flee, alone, from Germany and Europe. My sister would not have climbed across a burning rooftop to save her child and herself from the flames set by the Nazis. I would have continued my successful studies, and who knows what career I would have chosen. And all of us would have lived lives at peace, without the terror, the nightmares and the disbelief that neighbors could turn against their good neighbors.

Of course, we were the lucky ones. The millions of Jews who were tortured in the concentration camps, those tormented worse than animals, and finally those fed to the furnaces or struck down and buried in mass graves — these were the worst victims of Nazi horror.

Let us never forget those innocents who suffered and died. Let us do our part to assure that such times will never, never come again.

SURVIVORS OF THE
SHOAH
VISUAL HISTORY FOUNDATION

14 August 1996

Rosemarie Joseph
241 Wellington H 241
West Palm Beach, FL 33417

Dear Ms. Joseph,

In sharing your personal testimony as a survivor of the Holocaust, you have granted future generations the opportunity to experience a personal connection with history.

Your interview will be carefully preserved as an important part of the most comprehensive library of testimonies ever collected. Far into the future, people will be able to see a face, hear a voice, and observe a life, so that they may listen and learn, and always remember.

Thank you for your invaluable contribution, your strength, and your generosity of spirit.

All my best,

Steven Spielberg
Chairman

MAIN OFFICE · POST OFFICE BOX 3168 · LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90078-3168 · PHONE 818.777-7802 FAX 818.733-0312

Figure 34. Steven Spielberg's letter to Rosemarie regarding her testimony for the Shoah Foundation.

Evening
Rosemarie Joseph

Night has not yet come, but the evening has started, the evening of my life.

It is amazing how relatively young I felt just last year at the ripe old age of 79. Now at 80, I look at the world and my surroundings differently. Could a few months or a few weeks make that much difference? Is it anxiety about what is yet to come? No, I do not think so!

My body tells me to slow down, which is so difficult, considering all the wonderful things that I still plan to do and want to do.

What do I expect of my life in the future? Foremost is my wish, and that of most older people, to be independent, self-sustaining, and not to become a burden to anyone else. I embrace that wish fervently.

Getting older is a new state of mind with different priorities and values. Take the example of possessions. When I was younger I kept acquiring things and I took joy in them. Now I enjoy giving away those prized possessions to my family and friends.

I no longer feel the need to go out so much at night. I enjoy my home more and more. Often I am alone, but never lonely.

Aging can be a very slow process. Some desires of earlier times now become almost unimportant. Before, I never encountered fatigue. I took good health for granted. Now I am grateful to be able to get out of bed and stand on my own two feet. My backaches remind me that I am no longer 40 or 50 years old.

My memory is at times betraying me. Often I cannot think of a name, although it does come back to me a short time later. But in that short forgettable period, I can become nearly frantic. To make things easier, I always try to put items in the same place and never, not ever change that, be it keys to the apartment or to the car, sunglasses or important papers. That avoids a lot of frustration.

I still take great joy in nature, the ocean, a beautiful sunset or a lovely landscape. Although we live miles apart my family and I are very close, which gives me great pleasure. I also love to paint and play music. I am grateful to be here, and relatively good health and to be vigorous at the age of 80.

I want to feel that I have lived my life to the fullest, without regrets about what could have been. I want to accept that my body is aging, to be happy with what I have and consciously make the best of every day. Volunteer work in various organizations is important to me, because it gives me the opportunity to meet other people and to interact with them.

And so I will enjoy the evening with appropriate activities. I will not be afraid when night finally comes.